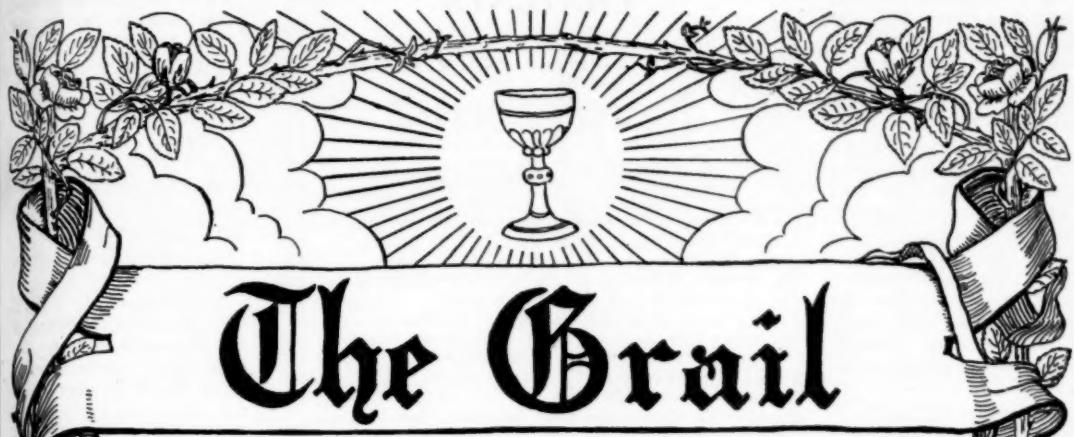


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February, 1926

Number 10



The Grail



FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

—Plockhorst



THE GRAIL, a popular Eucharistic monthly for the family—national in scope—is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

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CONTENTS

Editor's Page	435
Holy Grail Sonnets—(Poem)— <i>Dom H. Bevenot</i> , .	437
Mary Rose, Graduate— <i>Mary Mabel Wirries</i> . . .	438
Why I know There is a God—(Poem)— <i>H. H. Jones</i>	439
The Insanity Plea of the Criminal— <i>Warfield Webb</i>	441
The Shining River— <i>Marguerite Helen Conger</i> . . .	442
Pansies—(Poem)— <i>Minnie Mortimer</i>	443
Afternoons in Rome— <i>Nancy Buckley</i>	444
The Kiss of Judas— <i>Anselm Schaaf, O. S. B.</i> . . .	445
First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians— <i>Dom F. W. Knowles, O. S. B.</i>	448
Psalm 83—(Poem)— <i>Helen Hughes Hieltscher</i> . . .	450
My Sunday in Paris— <i>D. H. Bevenot, O.S.B., B.A.</i>	451
The Scandalmonger— <i>Minnie Mortimer</i>	453
Among those Greatest— <i>Harry W. Flannery</i> . . .	457
Beautiful Thoughts—(Poem)— <i>Elizabeth Voss</i> . .	458
Frances E. Willard— <i>Maude Gardner</i>	459
Trivialities—(Poem)— <i>Charles J. Quirk, S. J.</i> .	460
Notes of General Interest	461
Benedictine Chronicle and Review— <i>Dom Louis Bouvilliers, O. S. B.</i>	462
Children's Corner— <i>Agnes Brown Hering</i>	465
Maid and Mother— <i>Clare Hampton</i>	471

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Donations for Poor Students

We have opened four Scholarships for the benefit of poor young men who are studying for the priesthood at St. Meinrad Seminary. A Scholarship or Bursie of \$5,000 is a *perpetual fund*, the interest of which is sufficient to pay for the board and tuition of one student throughout the entire course of his studies. The capital always remains intact. When one student has completed his course, another can take his place, then a third, and so on indefinitely. Give what you can and when you can.

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FOR THE SUFFERERS OF CENTRAL EUROPE

Mrs. J. E., Ind., \$1; Mrs. M. K., N. Y., \$1; M. M. Pa., \$2.

OBITUARY

Mr. John E. McFaul, of Jasper, Ind., a convert to the Faith, and a daily communicant for many years, died an edifying death on Jan. 11th. One of his daughters, Sister M. Theresa, O. S. B., is a member of the Benedictine community at Ferdinand.

Mr. John Marendt, of Ferdinand, Ind., a venerable patriarch, whom many of our readers will remember as a mail carrier at the Abbey, died in January at the age of 92.

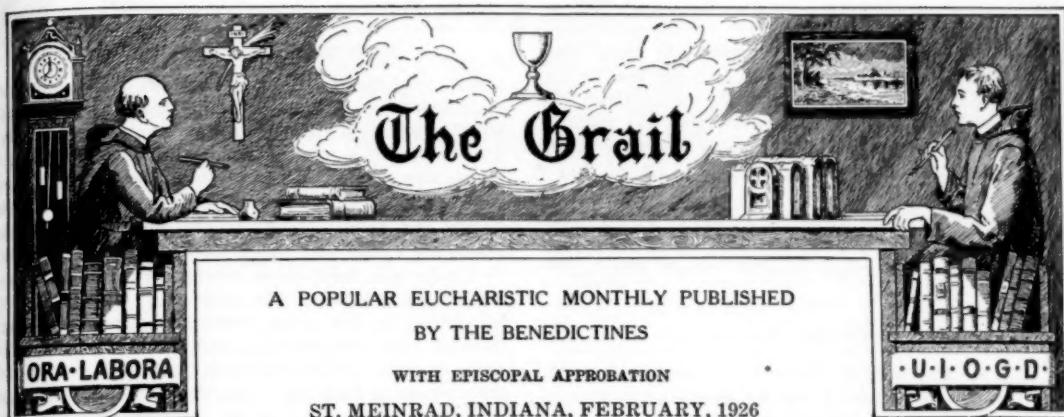
Heliopolis

P. K.

Thou tremblest, City of the Sun,
And, though that orb hath not yet shone
On thee, night lifts its shroud. Lo! all
Thy carved idols, tott'ring fall,
And helpless lie upon the ground,
By hands of unseen power bound.

On Virgin Mother's arms a Child
Hath entered through thy gate and smiled
On thee. He is the God of Might,
The Savior and the world's true Light,
Who bids thy night of error flee
That chained thee in idolatry.

"Tis morn, and through my soul's low gate
This Babe, in Eucharistic state,
Its entry holds to sate my heart.
And lo! pride's blindness must depart,
And all its idols, crumbling, fall
Before my Lord, my God, my All.



A POPULAR EUCHARISTIC MONTHLY PUBLISHED
BY THE BENEDICTINES

WITH EPISCOPAL APPROBATION

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, FEBRUARY, 1926

Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Unrest—Rest

Rest—peace—is the coveted boon that man seeks here below. To counteract the unrest of the individual, the disquietude of the masses, the unruly spirit of the world—the soothing influence of religion is sorely needed. Christ was the Great Teacher, the Master. From Him went out a power that acted like oil poured upon the troubled waters, as a peace-bringing balm to tried spirits.

But this benign influence of religion was not destined to cease with the passing of the Savior, it was to remain in His Church for all time. In proof of this let us call to mind the wonderful effects of the sacraments, especially those of penance and the Holy Eucharist, which, if frequently received, have a telling effect on the individual and on society at large. Together with prayer, these sacraments are the bond that unites the soul with Christ, that unites the faithful in the mystic body of Christ.

Now, Christ's mission on earth, which is also the mission of the Church, was to appease His Heavenly Father, who had been outraged by the sins of His own creatures, and to bring salvation to men. In the Church, which He established to this end, He instituted seven sacraments to help men persevere on the way of salvation. To give a final proof that His love for man was genuine, He shed the last drops of His atoning Blood on the tree of the cross. And because His love was genuine, He willed that His Church should exist so long as there should be men to save.

Many there are, indeed, in our day who are earnestly seeking the truth, examining the claims of the Church, and submitting to her authority even in spite of the waves of bigotry that occasionally sweep across the face of the globe threatening to destroy everything in their path. Many a shipwrecked soul is thus snatched from the darkness of confusion and tossed ashore where it finds peace and rest in the haven of truth—the Church.

For these earnest seekers after truth the Church bids us pray without ceasing. For these we prayed

during Church Unity Octave in January. To this end the Church has approved various prayers and religious confraternities. Among these latter are the Catholic Union, which prays especially for union with Russia and the Near East, and the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom.

The International Eucharistic League endeavors through the Holy Eucharist to attain its end, which is the union of all men in Christ, conformably to the prayer of the Savior: "That they all may be one as Thou, Father, in me and I in Thee." To bring about this unity the League prays that there may be union and harmony among all Catholics, that Protestants may return to unity with the Holy See, and that all the unbaptized, that is, all non-Christians, may become one with us in the Church.

Members of the League add no new obligations to the burdens of the day. They should make a brief daily offering of the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world, and this they may make in their own words; moreover, they are expected to offer up an occasional Mass that they hear and an occasional Holy Communion that they receive. There are no further obligations, and these do not bind under sin. Send in your name to the editor of *THE GRAIL* for certificate of admission.

Return to Normalcy

It may be agreeable to human nature to enjoy with moderation the good things of life, but overindulgence long endured will not go on forever without retaliating. For years one may continue to offend against nature as to kind and quantity and quality of food and drink, or, to commit other excesses until nature itself finally revolts and takes revenge by afflicting a vital organ or causing a general breakdown. A strict diet may then be one of the remedies prescribed as a "condition without which" the patient may scarcely hope for recovery.

THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBES

Dieting is one of the measures often prescribed by the physician for the regaining of impaired health.

Mr. Fatman has too much avoirdupois to carry about with him. Dr. Goodhope puts him on a diet that he may reduce to normal weight: a piece of coarse bread with coffee for breakfast, with other restrictions at noon and at the evening repast. This the patient does cheerfully, even though it is against grain. Mr. Everill has a weak stomach. (St. Paul advises a little wine, but Mr. Volstead says, "Nothing doing.") Dr. Pennyroyal curtails the patient's bill of fare with an omission here and there. Drugs alone will not restore him to normalcy he must diet.

THE CHURCH PRESCRIBES

It is all very well to follow the doctor's orders, but let the Church enjoin a day of fast, as she does on certain vigils, the ember days, and during Lent, well—that's different. And yet, to *diet* is to abstain from certain foods and at certain times, usually by order of one's physician. To fast, on the other hand, differs at least in this that, while it may also be voluntary, the Church requires it at stated times. If, then, to diet is to fast, and to fast is to diet—and it removes the sting from fasting by calling it dieting—let us diet as Holy Mother Church prescribes during the approaching Lent, which opens this year on February 17th.

WHY DIET—OR FAST?

By eating the forbidden fruit, our first parents lost their inheritance and ours. To remedy this evil and deliver us from the consequences of that indulgence, Christ came upon earth. Fasts were prescribed in the Old Law. Fasting was sanctified by Christ who prepared Himself for His public career by a forty days' fast and prayer. The early Church prescribed long and severe fasts. The first Christians did not break their fast before the close of day. The saints and all other good Christians have fasted. The Church ordains that we fast.

OF WHAT VALUE IS FASTING?

Fasting is ennobling. By fasting man proves that he has control of his will power and can use it to curb within him the animal nature that is ever seeking the gratification of the senses. The lower animal is moved by instinct, normal man follows right reason. As over-indulgence in food and drink degrades man and makes him beastly, so fasting elevates him to a higher level and makes him capable of lofty thoughts and deeds and gives him strength to resist unnatural and sinful gratifications. But that fasting may be meritorious it must be done in the proper spirit, that is, through obedience, not through pride, as may happen. A case in point is the Pharisee in the Gospel who boasted: "O God, I give Thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men: extortioners, unjust, adulterers, as also is this publican. I fast twice in the week," etc. Furthermore, unless he makes an earnest effort to avoid his sinful ways, to conquer his unruly passions, and to practice acts of self-denial and other acts of virtue, mere abstinence from food and drink will be of little benefit to him.

EVEN THE SPIRIT SHOULD FAST

Not only the body should abstain from a certain amount of food and drink and all forbidden pleasures, but the soul should likewise not be exempt from fasting. The eyes, which are the windows of the soul, should be made to fast, for through idle curiosity they are the cause of many sins. They fast by turning away from gazing at objects that bring sinful thoughts and representations. The ears should fast by refusing to listen to gossip, idle tales about others, uncharitable or immodest conversation. The sense of smell may fast by not being too fastidious about unpleasant odors, but bearing with them patiently and unmurmuringly. The sense of taste is that which is to be mortified especially with regard to food and drink. The sense of touch is not excused from fasting. It, too, may practice mortification by bearing uncomplainingly with the weather, by uncomfortable positions in sitting and standing, and enduring other hardships. To these should be added the mortification of the tongue, the most unruly member of the body, which is forever getting us into trouble. We should keep in mind the ancient adage to take care: *of whom we speak, to whom we speak, and how, and when, and where.*

FASTING WITH PRAYER

That our fasting may be more pleasing to God, it should be accompanied by prayer. For this reason, during Lent, we ought to try to be a little more pious than during the rest of the year. The evening services at church could be attended more faithfully, but above all, daily Mass and Holy Communion, where possible, should be on the list of good works that each proposes to himself to perform. If the Lord is with you, who shall prevail against you?

Let it be said in conclusion that those who are lawfully excused from fasting, whether because of illness or age or for some other valid reason, are not exempt from spiritual fasting, as suggested above. Thus, by keeping this holy season with prayer and fasting, abstinence from purely worldly pleasures, and the practice of more frequent acts of virtue, body and soul will begin to return to the state of spiritual normalcy, and Lent will have a deeper signification for us and we shall profit by it.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.

February. What has become of some or all of our New Year resolutions? If they are not broken, at least they are probably badly bent. If they have been broken by now, shall we wait till next New Year's day to renew them? Instead of letting the broken parts float down the stream of life, let us rather collect them, see where the weakness was either in the making or in our steering, rebuild and start anew.

Perhaps our resolution was too big, too clumsy, to navigate with. "I am going to be good" certainly is. Narrow it down as much as possible, put all the heavy timber at the weak place, then shoot the rapids of trial and temptation successfully.

Perhaps it was negligence in the pilot. We may get the help of others to make the resolve; but after all it depends very much on our own selves as to whether we shall make a success of them. By avoiding the rocks of occasion we keep just that far from shipwreck.

While on the topic of each one's sole responsibility, let us recall that salvation—just as success in general—is left very much to the individual. Many are the victims of deception in this regard, especially in spiritual matters. Respectability and the approval of our fellow men does not always assure us of the approval of God. It is sad to see this spirit taking ever greater hold of American life, even among Catholics. It has even gone so far as to invade the sacred tribunal of penance. Glossing over sins, telling them obscurely, even omitting certain shameful ones just to avoid the unpleasantness and shame of making them known to the priest; then approaching the Holy Table with most pious demeanor,—that is the awful depth to which this spirit of respectability can lead. But remember that we can deceive men, deceive our confessor,—for he is but man; but we can never deceive God. The guilt is still there and there it remains until we come clean. And a dreadful day of unmasking is coming wherein this false respectability will be torn from us and each one will be shown to be just what he is. God is truth and will be served only in the spirit and in truth. The Jews of old were rejected because of their lip service and because they cleansed only the exterior and left the inside full of rottenness. So now, if judgment were made, what a separation there would be of the hypocritical chaff from the true wheat of sincere servants of God,—not of respectability.

Russia and the Near East

FLOYD KEELER

Every lover of peace—and what Christian is not?—rejoices at any sincere effort to reduce the possibilities of war and bloodshed. There would seem to be no reason why men should not live together in peace and harmony as brothers, instead of stirring up those racial hatreds which lie all too close to the surface in human nature. The daily papers have been filled with accounts of the treaties which the seven great powers have recently concluded at Locarno, and naturally, all hope they will prove a long step forward. However, these are only initial efforts and before true peace can be stabilized in Europe or in the world, much more remains to be done. Indeed, the statesmen gathered at Locarno recognize this fact and already there is talk of a new treaty which shall include Russia in its scope. This is fraught with the greatest significance.

Everyone knows that the policy of the present Russian government is antireligious. One needs only to read the Soviet laws concerning religion for proof. The

rest of the world, however, is not disposed to accept into the family of nations one which, even if it grants religion no favors, does not at least, permit its people the free exercise of their beliefs. Russia, doubtless, will learn this and in order to take her place—great and honourable as it should be—will make concessions in this particular.

Except as individuals Catholics are not concerned with politics, or with the exact terms of treaties, but as members of the Catholic Church we are concerned with helping the Holy Father in his God-appointed task of bringing all men unto the One Fold under the One Shepherd. We know how he longs to see the great Russian people once more within the True Church. We know how he has hailed as "providential" the Catholic Union, a society for the reunion with Holy Church of the separated brethren of Russia and the Near East. This society, which has just opened its North American headquarters at 50 Union Square, New York, has been organized in Europe for about two years and has enlisted the sympathy and support of many members of the Sacred College and other prominent prelates on both sides of the Atlantic. It is engaged in the work of helping His Holiness to found and maintain a special seminary in Rome for the education of Russian priests who shall go back to their own land as apostles of re-

The Church must be ready with her trained ambassadors when the opportunity for this advance comes. That time may come very soon, for the sequel of Locarno—who can tell what it may be? It will probably include Russia, a Russia opened to spiritual as well as to commercial enterprise. It is unthinkable that Catholics should turn a deaf ear to the Holy Father's known desires. All must wish to aid the Church in doing her duty by this people and in carrying out her Lord's command that she make known His saving health among all nations.

Holy Grail Sonnets

Dom Hugh Bevenot, O.S.B., B.A.

12. KING FISHERMAN

"Sir knight, thy coming is a thing most blest,
As it may change to glory present shame;
For a chill tremor holds my prostrate frame
And none avail to win me health and rest.

"But if thou art to end the Holy Quest
And dost behold the Grail,—thy help I claim
And bid thee ask the questions: whence it came
And whither it will wend, or east or west?"

And on that eve within the chapel fair
Perceval saw the Grail and bleeding Spear
By angels borne,—yet knelt in silent prayer!

Of dawn and twittered song great is the beauty;
Yet lackaday for his enchanted ear
Who therefore slips the golden task of duty!

Mary Rose, Graduate*

MARY MABEL WIRRIES

CHAPTER 1. GRADUATES

A day in Fall. Yellow and red leaves drifting pleasantly on the wide, peaceful walks in the Academy grounds. The ivy, clinging lovingly to the gray stone walls, taking on a cheerful tinge of color. The air having a tang that set the blood racing, and filled the world with new vigor and ambitions. And St. Angela's Academy itself, alert and brisk after the long summer vacation, humming with activity in every hall and classroom. A visitor, climbing the stairs and pausing at each landing, might have heard a multiplicity of sounds: the clatter of dishes from the refectory; the voices of children in the lower grades, reciting in unison a rote lesson; the wail of a violin from a practice room; the tinkle of a piano; the voice of a teacher explaining a problem; the soft rattle of beads and hurried swish-swish of her garments as a pleasant-faced nun passed, hastening about her duties; the sweet, high laugh of a girl as some one gave a humorous turn to a lesson. Happy, inviting sounds, all of them, urging him to follow, to be interested, instructed, or amused. But surely he would have stopped at one of two places—the kindergarten, where gay and tiny Sister Ursula played with and taught her small charges,—or the senior classroom.

"Each June," Mother Superior was wont to say, proudly, "When I watch the graduates starting out in the world, clothed in their armor of piety and womanliness—armor which we have patiently wrought through their busy school years—I think, 'Surely this is St. Angela's finest class!'—and then September comes, and new graduates appear in the senior classroom—and I think again, 'Ah, I was wrong. There are none finer than these.'"

This year's graduates were in the classroom now. Quiet and composed, they bent their heads above their books—brown heads, auburn heads, mouse-colored heads, golden heads, black heads. All alike—sixteen or seventeen or eighteen in years—yet all different. Merry faces and grave faces; eyes that danced, eyes that had mischief lurking in their depths; eyes that were thoughtful. Hair curled and fluffed to the highest degree of curliness and fluffiness; hair straight and brushed demurely to place. There were twenty-five of them—seventeen day pupils and eight boarders. The latter occupied a row of their own and there was little to dis-

tinguish them from the similarly uniformed day scholars. It is with the boarders our story deals, so we shall take a special peep at them.

At the head of the row sat a girl whose vivid personality would compel attention anywhere. Her gray eyes, steady, candid, kind, enlivened with little imps of laughter, looked straight at the world and made a friend of it. She was studying—or was she? True, she bent above her books, as did the others, but there was a droll smile hovering about her lips. Mary Rose Ensley usually had her lessons, but she always found time for the "scribbling"—in which she delighted—nonsensical jingles and foolish prose, which amused and entertained all her friends at St. Angela's. Next to her sat her auburn-haired chum, Bride Malone, the "oldest" boarder at the Academy, having been a pupil there since her minim days. Then Catherine Casey, whose serene dignity belied the twinkle of fun in her Irish eyes, and Kathleen McCarthy, who starred alike in studies and athletics. Hattie Smith, a quiet, mouse-like girl, with a fund of wholesome humor, came from Mary Rose's home town of Friendville. Just now she was comparing English notes with Agnes Flynn, a fleshy, light-haired girl, with a babyish face. Agnes was well loved by her fellow-boarders, though her intense literal-mindedness made her the butt of many innocent jokes. Margaret Mary Mulligan, pretty, frivolous, and romantic, and Eleanor Tracy, a fretful, self-centered "only child," who, though with the boarders, seldom shared their fun, completed the ensemble.

The gong sounded. In all the rooms along the second corridor there was a hasty putting away of books and pushing back of chairs, preparatory to the recitation of the Angelus. The graduates, at the far end, proceeded about these duties in a leisurely manner. Why hurry—were they not the GRADUATES?

"We've earned our laurels," Mary Rose had told them when elected class president at the first meeting of the year—a class affair which had begun by being stiff and dignified and ended in riotous fun, as class meetings have a habit of doing—"We've earned them. Let's wear 'em with an air. All in favor signify by saying, 'Aye!'"

The ayes had it.

It seemed that even Sister Boniface was in favor of this resolution, for she, who had impressed upon her girls for the past three years that they were but "children yet—mere children," now began to exact to an iota the hom-

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age due her class as the oldest in the school. At noontime, at the evening close, and even when there was singing or instructions in the auditorium, the younger classes lined up respectfully in their doorways or in St. Joseph's corridor until the seniors passed. Once some presuming sophomores ventured to pass through the auditorium doors first and were sharply recalled by Sister Boniface's signal and her reprobating voice.

"Will you LITTLE GIRLS please step back in your places and let my YOUNG LADIES pass?" she demanded, frigidly, and the sophomores were properly subdued, while the graduates marched through in triumph.

"Wasn't it glorious?" asked Mary Rose of Bride. "Didn't it make you feel like you were Mother Superior or the Bishop or somebody like that?"

That was nearly a month earlier and now the younger classes had learned their places. Fidgeting and restless, they waited until the graduates were on the stairs, and then fell in line. The graduates themselves found that having first place in the school was not necessarily all pleasure. The rose had its thorns. Being in first place, obligated them to set an example for their younger schoolmates. Not for them the surreptitious giggling and whispering of bygone days, but a calm silence, like that of the nuns, must mark their way until at last the day pupils were out on the walk and the boarders in the refectory, with grace over. Here the bonds of silence fell from them.

"We've run the gauntlet again," said Bride today, as she unfolded her napkin. "Have you noticed the new girl?"

"What a question!" replied Mary Rose. "Of course I have. Who hasn't? And I've been consumed with curiosity ever since I did. Undergrad, isn't she? Who is she?"

"She's the Grand High Chieftainess of the Western Hemisphere. Her name is LuJane Sommers. She has egoitis—an acute case. I have to walk with her a few weeks and make her feel at home." Bride was doleful.

"Oh, Honey, what a shame! But I always feel sorry for new girls. I was one myself—and you were the angel who rescued me from the dumps—you and the chicken pox. Imagine being grateful to chicken pox!"

"You weren't like LuJane Sommers," said Bride tersely. "She's not at all new—or thinks she isn't. I know all about her already. Sister Clotilda donated her to me this morning right after she came and I had to take her to the book room, the trunk room, and the junior classroom and introduce her to Sister Rosalie. She has been to Niagara and Europe and Yellowstone Park and Japan, and she has made a few little side trips to Kamchatka and the pyramids. She thinks St. Angela's is a stupid place. The girls here are so dull-looking—and it's a 'scream' to have sisters, who don't know what's going on in the world, try to teach her anything."

"She didn't say that."

"She did—and more, too. It's a nuisance to wear uniforms. Her wonderful wardrobe will simply go to waste here—she has EIGHT evening gowns. She has been ENGAGED twice—once to a poet and once to an army officer. She's a junior in school, and she's two years older than you and me, but it's because she hates books—they're such a bore. Most of her life she has had a governess."

"My stars!" interrupted Mary Rose, half laughing, half indignant. "Is that the kind of person she is? I could forgive her anything, but her aspersions on St. Angela's—dear St. Angela's. Stupid and dull, indeed! Well! We'll do something to make life more pleasant for her. I'll think her over."

LuJane would not have slept well that night had she heard those last four words, and understood as well as Bride did, just how significant they were.

Mary Rose "thought," and then the graduate boarders had a private session, while Mary Rose talked—and immediately after this meeting, LuJane, who had heretofore been tolerated, became suddenly the most popular girl in the senior division of boarders—and it was the

graduates who devoted themselves to her most assiduously. There was never a recreation hour that she was not surrounded by them. They listened eagerly to her vapid chatter; they fed her love of flattery; they implored her to tell them more of herself, her family, her travels. Sister Clotilda, in charge of the division, was puzzled. LuJane was, without a doubt, a vain, arrogant, affected girl—yet here were some of her most sensible pupils apparently "taken in" by her silliness. Of course they should be pleasant to her, and not slight her. Other girls, worldly and conceited, had come to St. Angela's convent school, and had been toned down and made into gentlewomen by their surroundings and companions. She wanted this to happen to LuJane. She wanted the girls to influence her to be more like themselves. Instead, it seemed that they were fascinated by LuJane's mannerisms and conversation, and even level-headed Bride Malone seemed to hang entranced on her every syllable.

"I can't understand it," said Sister to herself. "There is some reason for their sudden change of front where LuJane is concerned. Surely—and yet—I will talk to Bride and Mary Rose," she resolved.

Her opportunity came on Saturday when the two girls were helping her clean the recreation room.

"How do you like LuJane Sommers?" she asked.

Mary Rose darted a quick glance at Bride, who dusted vigorously and pretended not to hear the question. Mary Rose dropped her brown lashes to hide her telltale eyes, and began carefully to replace the books on their shelves.

"She is an interesting conversationalist," she evaded. "She has been in so many odd corners of the world."

"I believe so," said Sister Clothilda, feeling that she was getting nowhere. "Her father is a mineralogist. He is wealthy and they have travelled extensively. Her mother died when she was quite small, and she has been somewhat spoiled by the life she has led—advised and taught only by governesses and with but little restraint from her father, who is preoccupied with his work. Do you like her, Bride?"

"She is a very generous girl," said Bride, hastily casting about in her mind for anything she could truthfully say in LuJane's favor. "She is pretty, too," she added as a lame afterthought.

"Very," said Sister Clotilda dryly. "And 'pretty is as pretty does' is an old maxim and a good one. I notice that you girls are taking quite an interest in her." Sister hunted vainly for a tactful way to express what she wished to say.

Mary Rose slid the last book hastily into place and rose to her feet. Sister Clotilda's motive in introducing LuJane as a topic of conversation was only too obvious and Posey struggled with an inward desire to laugh.

"We are doing our best to make things more pleasant for her," she said, and fled from the presence of her mistress. Bride followed as soon as she could politely do so. She found her friend in her room, choking back her laughter.

"That was too funny!" gasped Mary Rose. "In just another minute I'd have spilled the whole jar of beans. Oh, me! It's a good thing Sister Clotilda doesn't understand us as well as Sister Imelda used to, or we'd be in 'jug' for the next ten days, and LuJane would have a body-guard. Don't you think we'd better do something with LuJane pretty soon, and end the agony? If she tells me just once more what the Duc de What-you-call-him said about her eyes, I'll—"

"I'll help you," said Bride. "I can't stand it much longer either. I think Monday night will be all right. Are you sure about those costumes being in the trunk room?"

"Oh, yes. I saw them there one day when I was helping Sister Winifred mark linens. I'll get the costume, don't you worry about that. Monday night shall be the fatal night. Poor LuJane! I almost felt like backing out when Sister said that about her never having a mother. Perhaps she can't help being like this."

"Well, the lesson will be good for her," said Bride. "And after it's over we'll all be good to her and reform her for Sister Clotilda. Yes, Monday night shall be the fatal night."

(To be Continued)

This body, even lying in a manger, the Magi revered. Yea, men, profane and barbarous, leaving their country and their home, set out on a long journey and, when they came, with fear and great trembling worshipped Him. Let us then at least imitate those barbarians, we who are citizens of heaven. For they indeed when they saw Him, but in a manger, and in a hut, and no such thing was in sight as thou beholdest now, drew nigh with great awe; but thou beholdest Him not in the manger but on the altar, not a woman holding Him in her arms but the priest standing by and the Spirit with exceeding bounty hovering over the gifts set before us. Thou dost not see merely this body as they did but thou knowest also its power and the whole economy and art ignorant of none of the holy things which are brought to pass by it, having been exactly initiated into all."—St. John Chrysostom.

The Insanity Plea of the Criminal

WARFIELD WEBB

IT is just as much the fashion to day to seek justification for our evil deeds and shortcomings as it was in the centuries of the past. The Jews sought to justify themselves for the crucifixion of Christ, claiming that He was an impostor. It is the old story, even dating from the time of Adam, the subterfuge of the evil one, and for these who do his work upon earth. If we do wrong, how often do we not endeavor by fair means or foul—the latter is the generally accepted rule—to excuse ourselves and blame someone else or some cause that will prove us to be morally irresponsible?

We have penal institutions for the punishment of evildoers, of law breakers, and, in most states, more drastic kinds of punishment: death by various means for those who are proved guilty of grave crimes, such as murder. But it has become the fashion of late to excuse the criminal, in many instances, upon the plea that he was insane and not mentally or morally conscious of his act. There are lawyers with their array of technicalities, and physicians with their tests of insanity, and experts with their data based upon scientific study, all to prove that in most cases the accused, owing to his mental state, was not to blame, and therefore not punishable, other than by being confined in an institution for the criminal insane.

In such cases an endeavor is made, by fair means or foul, the latter again taking precedence over the former, to show that it would be a serious offense, and an unjust act against the accused to condemn him to death. There are so many alienists, with their volumes of "facts," their intricate tests and observations, and other misleading arguments, that one is often inclined to the belief that no man, regardless of his past record or the facts of reputable witnesses, or confessions of the criminal himself, that will make possible his conviction.

When a horrible crime has been committed, a person, or several persons done to death, and the culprit has been arrested and charged with the offense against society, there are at once found men who will arise and take oath that the accused is not mentally responsible for his act, regardless of his intelligence just prior to his crime, or immediately following its commission.

If the accused has a sufficient sum of money to hire expert legal talent, criminal lawyers, who are keen-witted and armed with great stores of legal terms and a convincing flow of oratory, are retained to defend the accused. And too often is this method successful, some-

times the defendant being given his freedom, or at most a sentence of a few years, or life, in the penitentiary, or in an asylum for the criminally insane.

Many cases can be cited, with which we are all familiar, that have brought the blush of shame to right-minded citizens, where the evidence was so strong that it would appear to be impossible that an escape was not an assured fact. Some of these were of national importance on account of the magnitude of the crime and of the publicity given them. Where it seemed impossible that a conviction was not only demanded, but that for the good of society, was essential, the outcome has been a travesty on justice. Either the jury was swayed by the arguments of the counsel for the defence, or the "logic" was so convincing that it would be a crime to convict, that the better judgment of the jury was overcome for fear that an innocent man would be unjustly punished, and a farce was the outcome.

Even in cases where a jury has convicted the accused, and he has been sentenced to death by the judge, an appeal, a new trial, a commutation of sentence by the governor, or a pardon for the accused has been obtained. If the criminal has a sufficient amount of cash, it is even possible to buy his way to freedom. This has been seen in some instances, and we all can cite cases where there was a grave doubt as to the justice of lack of proper punishment for grave offenses against society. We have in mind now such instances, and these include what, from the evidence presented, seemed to offer no possible reason for escape from a just sentence.

In some instances where a conviction has been obtained, there at once arises a hue and cry, backed up by maudlin sentiment, that seems to rob men of their very reason, and sways the best judgment of strong-minded men and women. In plain terms it is "sob stuff," and every possible effort, and every avenue is opened in behalf of the accused. Little sentiment in such cases is accorded the family of the dead victim; their feelings, and the significance of justice itself, are thrown to the four winds. Petitions, pleas, sentimental stories are circulated, and the bugbear of insanity, when all else fails, comes in for its share of consideration. If all other schemes fail, the latter too often wins the fight.

It would be folly to say that capital punishment is not legally and morally right. We are not advocating it, nor are we condemning it.

If it is the law of the state, then it would be well, nay right, to uphold it where the crime and the evidence make this vital. The welfare of the state, and the protection of human life must be made safe. If we would do away with capital punishment, why not then, as some countries do, where it does not obtain, make the punishment so drastic that men would fear to commit

serious crime. Only by this means can we hope to counteract the evil work of the criminally inclined. This is possible, and until it does become a realization, we shall continue to have crimes of murder, for the fear of drastic punishment has made men to a great extent disregard all consideration of the rights of their fellow beings.

The Shining River

MARGUERITE HELEN CONGER

IT was in the earliest days of the great war,—almost before this country had fully realized that it had become involved in the gigantic struggle.

It was evening. A young American soldier in officer's uniform went hurrying down the streets of the little French village. He might well be described by the familiar term "proud and handsome," and evidently he knew it, as he strode along so eagerly, yet with the dignity befitting one who wears his country's uniform.

Many a village maiden cast admiring glances after him as he hurried by. No doubt, the most of them sighed as he passed them with hardly a glance in their direction. Perhaps some of them easily guessed where he was going as they saw him turn his steps in the direction of the bend that led winding down toward the little river,—the shining river, whose soft-syllabled name the foreigners pronounced so strangely. Would they never learn, those foreigners, that French vowels were made for music,—for soft ballads and hymns, and not for the harsher sounding words of warfare. But then, the soldiers,—of course one must pardon them. Some of them were so young and handsome, too, like this one,—so *distingué*.

The young officer quickened his steps as he approached nearer the bend, as one nearing a fondly desired destination. For he knew that around that bend, in the little cottage so native to that village, a little French maiden, dark-eyed and sweet, would be waiting him. And they had many things to say to each other that night; for on the morrow, perhaps,—ah, one never knew in the days of war what the morrow might hold.

They sat down upon the steps together, that young officer, so proud and handsome, and that young French maiden, so dark-eyed and sweet.

Inside, the maiden's mother sat with a heavy bit of sewing in her hands,—a garment for some soldier who, perhaps, had no mother, no loving woman's hands to sew for him. They could see her face clearly outlined in the lamp-light from their place on the steps.

All around them the young night hung in beauty. A crescent moon had risen out of the purpling clouds just beyond the rim of the little river; and the sky glimmered responsively with a million gold and silver stars. Everywhere there was the atmosphere of peace. Except for the uniform that the young soldier wore, there was nothing even suggestive of war,—his uniform and the occasional, strangely serious shadows that fell across his handsome young face. For he knew what war was.

The maiden looked up, smiling a little, a smile as serious, perhaps, as the shadows on the young soldier's face.

"Is there any news?" she asked, voicing that endless question of war. "Any news at all?"

The young soldier shook his head. "We have heard very little," he replied. There was a note of reserve in his voice, as if, though he might have heard important news, it was not his to impart. A soldier must guard all news with secrecy. "We have heard very little."

"The King will send fresh troops,—perhaps?" she asked.

"The King,—" he repeated with peculiar intonation in his voice. "The King,—we do not know." He paused, the shadows deepening on his face.

"My father said this morning," the young girl returned, "that if the King's father had lived, his policies would have been much different."

"Who can ever tell about the policies of any king?" he said. "And there are some who think that the King's father was the one chiefly responsible for the war. But we cannot know."

"I know that my father feels the war more keenly than many others." She spoke, girl-like, the thought nearest her heart. It was a speech of daughterly affection.

"I understand," returned the young soldier, his voice touched with sympathy. The girl's father, too, had been a soldier, an officer in an earlier day, serving under the lilies of the Bourbons. "I understand. France still feels the

wound of the enmity between the two countries. But France and America—" he paused.

"Yes," nodded the girl. "France and America will always be friends. They have been friends from the beginning. Think of what your country owes to French civilization." Her young French eyes lighted. "My mother was telling me only yesterday of some of the work of the early French missionaries,—and French colonists—in the very first days of America. And even England owes her wonderful Canada to the strength of French civilization of its early days. I wish you could hear her tell of those first Frenchmen in America,—Cartier, Champlain, Marquette, Alouez, Dablon, and the rest. Surely the names of such men can never fade in America."

"They will never fade," he assured, smiling a little at her enthusiasm. "The history of the French in our country is a beautiful story,—almost romantic. And La Fayette,—" he paused again, as one often pauses in the mention of a name held in homage.

"Ah, La Fayette," she breathed reverently. And for a moment, both were silent. Then she spoke again.

"We—you will win the war for us—for our country?" It was a statement rather than a question.

"Of course," he returned, with the assurance of a brave young soldier engaged in the cause of the righteous and the just. "Of course. We must win it. We must forever throw off the yoke of tyranny,—of unjust kings and tyrannical rulers. We fight in the cause of freedom,—and we shall be free."

"I know. You will win the war for us,—for America—for our country," she repeated. Her voice broke a little, and tears glowed in the dark young eyes.

He raised his hand to his forehead in a kind of salute. "For America," he said, straightening his already very straight shoulders. "For my country—and yours." His voice halted. "But let's not talk of war any longer," he said. "Come. Let us walk down to the river." He rose. "I love your river," he said. "It's so

shining,—so sort of peaceful,—so, so friendly." He held out his hand to her.

"It is peaceful," she affirmed, as she took his hand, and rose to her feet beside him. "And friendly, and shining,—our little river. But you Americans do pronounce its name so funny. So broad, and with something of the harshness of the English. Not at all like the French. It's so pretty in our language. *Ouabache*," she said, pursing her lips over the liquid syllables.

"*Oua-bache*," he repeated, in an effort to imitate her. "*Oua-bache*." Then they both laughed a little together. After all they were young; and at that moment the war seemed so very far away from them, standing there on the steps, the young officer with his head bared in the moonlight, the young maiden smiling up at him.

"The river," she began, softly, then halted, her glance resting on his face, held by something that she saw there. Perhaps it was the shadow of the war that came and went upon that face, or, perhaps,—who knows'—it was something that she read there of the future greatness that, some day, was to claim that young soldier,—something that was to write his name in imperishable glory on the pages of the world's history—on the lips of future generations,—for, in very truth, that name was destined to shine through the coming ages in the annals of a new

world, like the shining of the little river—in a glory greater, far greater, than either of their young hearts could ever dream. And that little river, and that little village were destined to bear a distinguished part in history, too, for that little river was the little river of the great French West in the days of young America—the little *Oua-bache* of La Salle, the famous Wabash of today; and that little French village was our own Vincennes. And that maiden's name—. No one knows that name, for the letters upon which this story is founded do not reveal her name. And, if they had, it would have found glory only in the reflected light of the greater name of that young officer. For that young officer's name was George Washington!

Pansies

MINNIE MORTIMER

Tender pansies, purple-hued,
Of the sun-kissed field,
Lend my heart your gentlest mood....
Thoughts, sweet fancies, yield.

Pansies yellow, pansies white,
Mary cometh by....
Gaze upon Her with delight;
Whisper, "Grace is night."

Ah, no pansy half so fair
As the Virgin whom
He so loved that She did bear
Jesus in Her womb.

Wistful pansies, purple-hue,
Mingling with your band
I would be a pansy, too,
Clasped in Her dear hand!

Afternoons in Rome

NANCY BUCKLEY

THE Aventine is one of the most picturesque of Rome's seven hills. In the second century a splendid palace, belonging to a noble lady, Sabina by name, crowned this hill. She was converted to the true faith and suffered martyrdom. In this Anno Santo the church of St. Sabina, built on the site of her mansion and of her martyrdom is visited by the Jubilee pilgrim. St. Sabina is one of the most interesting of the Roman Basilicas and retains many of its ancient features. The nave is divided from the aisles by twenty-four Corinthian columns of Parian marble. In the chapel at the end of the right aisle is Sassoferato's *chef d'oeuvre* (masterpiece) the painting of Our Lady of the Rosary, rightly considered one of the art treasures of the world. St. Caterina of Siena kneels with St. Dominic before the throne of the Blessed Mother. The Divine Babe is turned toward her; with one hand He crowns her with thorns; with the other He presents the Rosary. The whole work is executed in an admirable and masterly fashion and is very devotional.

Grouped around this chapel are many beautiful tombs, one being of a Cardinal of the XVIIIth Century. St. Sabina is rich in memories of St. Dominic. Here he received his beatific visions and frequently disciplined himself to blood. Here Our Lady appeared to him extending her mantle over his religious as a sign of her special protection. In the garden of the convent attached to the church is shown the famous orange tree which was planted by St. Dominic nearly seven hundred years ago and still flourishes.

His room may be visited on application to the sacristan. It is very small and retains little of its original features. There is the legend that angels accompanied the saint from this cell to the church where he was wont to pass the night in vigil before the Blessed Sacrament. Leaving the church of St. Sabina the pilgrim goes to the church of St. Alexius (S. Alessio) but a little distance away. The story of the young saint to whom this ancient church is dedicated, is familiar to the pilgrim through the beautiful dramatic work of Cardinal Wiseman, "The Hidden Gem." The paternal mansion of St. Alexius occupied the site of this chapel. The young Alessio took a vow of celibacy and, being forced into marriage by his parents, fled secretly on the very night of his nuptials and lived as a pilgrim for seventeen years. Returning to Rome to be near those whom he loved, he lived unrecognized as a mendicant under the stairs of his father's

house. After his death a letter in his hand disclosed the astounding secret. This theme has been put into a poem from which we quote these lines:

"Then, lest some secular use might mar the place
Made sacred by his pain, upon the ground
Where stood that stately house they reared the church
Of S. Alexis, and the marble stairs
Which sheltered him they left as when he died.
And there a sculptor carved him, in mean garb,
Reclining, by his side his pilgrim's staff,
And in his hand the story of his life,
Of virgin pureness and humility."—Lewis Morris.

The entrance to the church is through a courtyard which was probably the vestibule of the house. The interior is rich and noble. To the left is a shrine of S. Alessio with his figure sleeping beneath the staircase—part of the wooden stair being enclosed in a glass case over his head. Beneath the high altar lies his body. In the right aisle is the Lady Altar containing the miraculous picture of Our Blessed Mother.

The crypt of S. Alessio is well worthy of a visit. It is said that the Popes and the faithful met here during the days of persecution. The cloister blooms with orange and lemon trees and the views from it are singularly beautiful.

The lordly Tiber flows majestically along; the huge mass of palaces, churches, towers, ancient houses and modern apartments rises in the distance; Michelangelo's wondrous dome glows in the light of a brilliant sun.

How many saints have stood in this same spot, gazing at the Eternal City, their heart thrilling to the thought of its myriad martyrs who shed their blood in the arena for testimony to the cross of Christ.

Suffering

A. K., O. S. B.

"The sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us."—Romans 8:18.

Dank clouds had draped the day in mourning drear;
Yet, ere the night could shroud it in her fold,
The sun with kindly touch dispelled all fear
By changing gloom to multi-hued gold,
Then deftly working all the precious sheen
To ornament of filigree and lace.—
Send clouds into my day, O God of grace,
But light perpetual shine on them at e'en.

The Kiss of Judas

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

JEANNETTE BRIGHT accompanied her mother to the convent where an aunt of the little one was a professed sister. The religious was busy at the time preparing hosts for the altar and the visitors met her at her work. Jeannette approached the table where the hosts lay and, taking one into her hand, affectionately imprinted a kiss upon it. Both mother and aunt observed this touching scene with emotion. The sister explained to the child that the Infant Jesus was not yet in the hosts.

"That doesn't matter," she replied. "When He comes He will find my kiss already there."

The mother was proud of her child. Upon meeting Father Gilbert, her pastor, she told him what Jeannette had done. Patting the child on the head, the priest said tenderly: "Fine, little girl, Jesus will love you all the more for this."

Silence ensued. "Why, Father, you look sad," remarked Mrs. Bright.

"Well," replied Father Gilbert in a sorrowful tone, "I couldn't help thinking of that other kiss which Jesus received."

"That of Judas?"

"Yes. It was the most ungrateful and outrageous thing in history. It is true that we read in the Old Testament of Joab, the commander of David's army, who stooped forward to kiss his fellow general, Amasa, and, while doing so, thrust his sword into the latter's side. But at any rate these men were only equals. We read also in Roman history of the ungrateful attitude of Brutus towards his benefactor, Julius Caesar. When Caesar saw himself attacked with daggers, he was unmoved until he observed Brutus in the company. Then he uttered the sorrowful exclamation: 'Thou too, Brutus, my son!' But Caesar was only a man.

Judas, however, abused a universally acknowledged token of friendship and affection, the kiss, to perpetrate an act which cannot but be termed the climax of enmity. What more could he have done? Hence our Savior's bitter complaint: "Judas, dost thou betray the Son of man with a kiss?" Oh with what affection did the Virgin Mother cover the body of the Divine Infant with kisses! With what reverence must Holy Simeon have impressed his kiss upon the Child! With what contrition did Mary Magdalene kiss the feet of the same Savior! And now behold Judas! Why his very name is held in execration."

"But, Father, it is a consolation to know that this kiss of Judas was given but once and will never happen again."

"Would to God that such were the case. The kiss of Judas is repeated with each unworthy Communion. Holy Communion is a pledge of love. In Holy Communion Christ lovingly caresses the soul. When St. John reposed on our Savior's bosom he did not enjoy so much familiarity with Christ as does the soul that receives Him in Holy Communion. How painful



KISS OF JUDAS

—Geiger

to our Savior, therefore, to receive a false caress! to be folded in the embrace of a heart that is really hostile to Him! to be forced into the loathsome prison of a sinful soul! What a horrid dungeon that is in which He is chained, as it were, to passions which He detests! He is forced to become one with the sinner. He is compelled to come in contact with that which alone is hateful to Him—sin. St. John Chrysostom, in explaining the letter of St. Paul to the Ephesians, says: 'How will you stand before the seat of Christ if you are so impudent now that you touch His body with sin-stained hands and lips? An earthly king you would

not kiss with ill-smelling lips, and yet the King of heaven you dare to kiss with repulsive soul. Would you like to receive Holy Communion out of a filthy vessel? Surely not. And yet you approach Holy Communion with an unclean soul. What an inconsistency!"

"We are told in the annals of the society of Jesus that a young man, who through shame had concealed a mortal sin in confession, was rash enough to receive Holy communion thereafter. On attempting to swallow the sacred Host, he was seized with such excruciating pains that he was compelled to rush out of the church and to cast forth the sacred particle into the filth of the street. After this he felt instantly relieved. 'Thus,' adds the chronicler, 'our Lord gave him to understand that the very filth of the street was more acceptable to Him than the heart that is defiled by sin.'

"Father, I realize that such a Communion is a great outrage and an abuse of friendship and affection. Yet I do not understand how such a Communion can be compared to the kiss of Judas. In our catechism we had to learn St. Paul's text by heart: 'Whosoever shall eat this bread or drink the chalice unworthily shall be guilty of the body and of the blood of the Lord.' But I never grasped the meaning of those words."

"Well, if St. Paul could say of apostates that they crucify again to themselves the Son of God and make Him a mockery, he is certainly justified in saying: 'Whosoever shall eat this bread or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and the blood of the Lord.' The unworthy communicant attacks the person of Jesus Christ Himself, whereas he who commits other mortal sins rejects only His commandment; the unworthy communicant desecrates the very body of Christ even under the veil of friendship and does not distinguish it from ordinary bread. Hence, according to the same interpretation, the sin is no less heinous than if our Savior were put to death once more. St. John Chrysostom says: 'He spills the blood and makes not a sacrifice but a murder of the act. As those who pierced the body of the Savior did, not to drink the blood, but to spill it, so also he who communicates unworthily gets not benefit out of it.' Do you understand that other saying of St. Paul regarding unworthy Communion?"

"I don't recall what it is."

"He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself."

"I suppose that means he will be punished when he dies."

"Yes, but often even before then. His condemnation frequently follows him on his very heels, penetrates his innermost being, enters his very veins, and becomes one with him.

"Temporal misfortunes are at times to be ascribed to unworthy Communions. St. Paul, after mentioning unworthy Communion, adds: 'Therefore are there many infirm and weak among you and many sleep,' that is, are dead. In the life of St. Paulinus a striking example of such temporal punishment is related. One day a poor man asked the holy bishop for an alms. The saint noticed that the beggar's hand was withered. Full of compassion, he asked him the cause. The poor man at first looked about cautiously to see whether or not anyone was around. Then he made the following confession: 'To you alone as bishop I can reveal my awful secret. In my early youth I was disobedient to my mother, a widow, and later on I squandered my inheritance by a bad life. Then when she refused to give me her last penny, which I knew she had hidden somewhere for a rainy day, I quarreled with her and, inflamed by a diabolical wrath, I slew her with the hand that is now crippled. This happened on Maundy Thursday when I wished to receive my Easter Communion. And actually, after I had hidden the corpse and had covered up all the traces of my murder, I dared to approach the Holy Table of the Lord. But behold! scarcely had I received the Sacred Host into the hollow of my hand* when the hand grew stiff and amid excruciating pains and began to dry up. I screamed and all who saw me were frightened. I hastened away, left my country, and am now carrying about with me this withered hand as a deserved penalty. Oh how gladly should I endure it,' he concluded in a tone of despair, 'if for my sin, which cries to heaven for vengeance, I shouldn't have to expect the pains of hell.'

"The bishop asked him if he were sorry for his sins. 'Ah, indeed,' he replied faint-heartedly, 'but of what use is contrition to me?' The saint encouraged him to do penance and promised him the forgiveness of his sins. At this assurance the man's face lit up with joy and he inquired: 'Well then what must I do?' 'Go,' answered the saint, 'place yourself barefooted and bareheaded every Sunday and feast day at the church door for seven years. Show your hand to all, acknowledge the cause of your punishment and beg for their intercession.' The penitent did as he was bidden and readily submitted to this heavy public penance.

"The faithful were deeply touched at the sight of this humble confession of the poor

* Originally the Sacred Host was not placed upon the tongue of the communicant, but in his right hand, which was supported by the left. In the case of men it was placed upon the bare hand, but the hand of a woman was covered with a linen cloth called *domenicals* (the Lord's cloth).

man and after three years pleaded with the bishop to remit the remaining four years of penance of this zealous and contrite penitent. The bishop gladly granted this request and readmitted him to the church. After solemnly absolving him from his sin, he gave him Holy Communion. And behold, scarcely had he received the body of the Lord with devotion when warmth, life, and strength were once more diffused through that hand that had so long been dead and it became perfectly normal once more."

"How fortunate the poor man was."

"Yes, but not all receive such an extraordinary grace. In some cases the judgment of the unworthy communicant manifests itself not in the body but in the state of mind and in the condition of the soul. A darkness of mind and a hardness of heart often follow in the strain of an unworthy Communion. The culprit is no longer impressed by anything supernatural; he is no longer edified by virtue or open to correction; he has no longer any conception of the gravity of his sin. Nay, were he to hear these remarks, he would not believe them. In his case we have a duplication of the state of Judas of whom the Gospel says: 'Satan entered into him.' This is also expressed by St. John Chrysostom, who says that the Lord permitted the devil to enter Judas. He adds, furthermore, that the same thing often occurred also in his day, for, since the priest was unable to distinguish—among those who took part in the Sacred Mysteries (Holy Communion)—such as were in grievous sin, he could not prevent them from receiving unworthily. These, too, he testifies, God frequently delivered over to satan.

"From this you will more readily understand the diabolical advice that was given one day by a certain captain of a band of robbers to a youth among his followers whose conscience was still somewhat tender. 'Go,' said the captain, 'receive Communion unworthily and I am sure that your fears will vanish.' So it happened. The young man soon became the most daring of the robbers. By the way, this very counsel was also given by Voltaire, the French atheist, to a young man who had confided to him his trouble. 'Make a bad Communion,' he wrote, 'and remorse will soon leave you. Now, what do you suppose will happen to such people if they continue to live on as victims of the devil and of their passions? What have they to expect at death and thereafter? I shudder at the very thought."

"Father, don't you think it would be better not to communicate at all than to run the risk of an unworthy Communion?"

"Don't draw such false conclusions. You know that there is but one thing that can make

a Communion unworthy and that one thing is to approach the Holy Table in the state of mortal sin. However, perfect contrition, which can put us in the state of grace after mortal sin, is ordinarily not sufficient. For every mortal sin must be confessed before we may draw near to the Holy Table. Of course allowance must be made for any sin we may have inculpably forgotten in a confession made since the commission of a mortal sin. The most frequent fore-runner of an unworthy Communion is the bad confession in which sins are concealed out of shame. And how unreasonable is this conduct in the face of such consequences! As to your objection, I think St. John Chrysostom again will give you the best answer. He first quotes certain ones who seem to think that unworthy Communion is not possible if one receives only once a year. He then replies: 'That is just the bad feature of the matter, that you measure your worthiness not by cleanness of heart but by the length of time that intervenes between the Communions and that you regard it as a mark of reverence if you approach rarely, without knowing that the unworthy reception, even if it happens but once, disfigures the soul, whilst the frequent approach brings salvation to it. Not the frequent Communion is a dangerous matter but the unworthy Communion, though it happen but once a year.'

Little Jeannette was almost forgotten during this serious conversation. However, her big eyes showed that she understood not a little of what was said. Sitting near the window, she tugged at her mother's sleeve and whispered to her: "Mama, there comes a man. Maybe he received our Lord unworthily too. See, he carries his arm in a sling."

"Oh no! You must not think that," replied the mother by way of correction, "his arm is broken."

Before Father Gilbert answered the door bell, he said smilingly: "My little girl, often kiss Jesus with that innocent kiss which you impressed upon that unconsecrated host and I am sure you will never receive Him unworthily."

All that Jesus has ever done for our love He still does in the Eucharist. There we find Jesus a Child, Jesus poor, Jesus our teacher, Jesus the wonder-working Physician, Jesus suffering, Jesus dying for us.—Abbe Perreyve.

Jesus, exile's Friend, here in this shadowed valley of tears, I look to You to cheer my onward, upward path. Homeward, to my Father's home, I am wending my shortening way.—Lead kindly Light, lead Thou me on.—F. P. Le Buffe, S. J.

First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians*

DOM. F. W. KNOWLES, O. S. B.

Summary of I Article:—Each book of the Bible has two Authors, (1) The writer, who was inspired, and (2) God, who inspired him; as a man uses a pen to write to a friend, so God used a man to write to us; every word of a letter comes from the man who writes, it is also true that every word comes from the pen that writes; similarly, in the case of the Bible, every part comes from the writer, and every part comes from God.

Summary of II Article:—God intends, by "His letter to us men," to give (1) Comfort, (2) Joy, (3) Knowledge of Himself, and (4) An increase of Charity; these benefits only accrue to those *who read* what God has written.

BY way of introducing the Readers of THE GRAIL to the subject of these articles, I have selected the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, and I shall try to answer four questions, (1) *Who wrote it?* (2) *To whom?* (3) *Why?* (4) *What had he to say?*

Such questions might well be asked about any book of the Bible, and the answers could not but throw much light on the meaning of the book in question. This point of the usefulness and even of the necessity of some previous knowledge, is not always realized. Yet you have only to think for a moment to see how much, for example, your previous knowledge of your correspondent helps you to understand his letters; he might write, e. g., "You give too much attention to little things"; this might well mean, either that you allow yourself to get worried over trifles, losing in consequence that peace of mind which is necessary for spiritual progress, or that you lived mostly in the clouds quite oblivious of practical details of daily life; if your correspondent was a man who liked a joke and frequently had to poke your absent-

mindedness, you would take the words in the latter sense; if the letter came from your spiritual director, it might have the former literal meaning. When you give a letter to someone to read over before you post it, do you not often say, "I must tell you, I'm writing to a person, who," etc., etc.; or, "I'm trying to make clear this point," etc. This way of acting shows that you think some preliminary information necessary to render your meaning intelligible. Now let us apply this to the Letter to the Corinthians.

(1) *Who wrote it?* Of course Saint Paul; and what kind of man he was you will gradually learn from the reading of his letters; there is no better way of getting to know anybody. Still it will be useful to put together at the very beginning the chief events of his eventful life. He was born of Jewish parents in Asia Minor, just about the time that Jesus was born in the stable at Bethlehem in Judea; he received a good education, such as his abilities justly called for. He grew up a most zealous defender of the Jews' religion and became a persecutor of the Christians. When he was about 36, however, he was converted and became himself a Christian (cf. Acts, Chap. 9) and gave himself unsparingly to the preaching of the Gospel. Three of his great missionary journeys are recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, (13-19). After completing the third tour, he was in prison for two years at Caesarea in Syria; thence he was transferred to a prison in Rome, in which he passed yet another two years. On regaining his freedom, he visited many churches in the East and probably traveled westward as far as Spain. Finally, returning to Rome, he was captured, condemned to death, and won the martyr's crown at the spot outside the city now covered by the Basilica of "St. Paul-out-side-the-Walls."

St. Paul was learned and full of zeal; his pen could not keep pace with his thoughts; often fired by his subject, he wandered from his main theme, careless of literary style; he could be stern, tender, playful; he could give rein to a lively imagination or be severely practical; he was very tactful and used his splendid gifts to win men to Christ. It is easy to foresee that the letters of such a man will not always be easily understood; it is likely, on the other

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—In THE GRAIL for December we stated that the author of these articles on the Scriptures would be glad to open a "Question and Answer" column on matters pertaining to the Scriptures. "A Young Man" has written to lodge a complaint against the small print that is used in some editions of the sacred text. A copy of the Bible, with print large enough to suit individual tastes, can be procured from any Catholic book store, or from such publishers as Benziger Brothers (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago), The C. Wildermann Co. (New York), or The John Murphy Co. (Baltimore), and others.

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hand, that they will be well worth the labor spent upon them.

(2) *To whom is St. Paul writing?* To the "New York" of his day; to one of the greatest ports of the Ancient World; to the famous city of Corinth, with its cosmopolitan population of native Greeks, Italian colonists and foreigners from Asia, Syria and Egypt; to a newly founded church composed of converts from paganism, converts from Judaism, and converts, once pagan, then "Jews," and now Christian. Such a motley congregation was likely to have troubles and to make trouble, and so it turned out. Factions arose, a case of scandalous immorality occurred; the quarrelsome spirit of this new mission, lately founded by St. Paul, showed itself in their church services. So great was the wickedness of the city, in general, that a writer seeking for a comparison for an immoral town, said that it was "almost a little Corinth"; and that the Christian congregation, formed there, did not entirely root out their vice of contention is proved by a letter of Pope Clement, who found it necessary to write to them about 44 years later, telling them plainly that they were no better than when St. Paul wrote to them.

(3) *Why did St. Paul write to the Corinthians?* Firstly, as the reader will have already guessed, to reprove them; we shall see presently how he does it. Secondly, because he was their father in God, and their apostle. He had gone to them in the year 50 A. D., during his second missionary tour; three years had passed since then; more than sufficient time for troubles to develop. When St. Paul, now on his third tour, got as far as Ephesus, which is just over the water from Corinth, he heard of the bad state of his converts and wrote to them this letter. He had a great love for them, for they had given him a great deal of trouble! He had spent a year and a half building up that church, preaching at first, according to his custom, in the Jewish synagogue; but on account of persecution, he had to move to a private house and hold service there; the house was next door to the Jewish church, which fact must have been very annoying to the Jews! So many were St. Paul's trials that God encouraged him by a vision, in which He said to him: "I have much people in this city." After the Apostle had left the place, and before he sat down to write this letter to them, Apollo, a very eloquent preacher, visited Corinth, and a party of admirers formed round him; St. Peter would also seem to have called there on his way to Rome, and, of course, some people had to run after him; others would seem to have prided themselves on being captivated by nobody; we shall see that St. Paul has something to say about this childish behavior.

(4) *What has St. Paul to say?* Now, of course, I want you to read for yourself, what St. Paul said; but here again it will help you to glance at its table of contents, before you read the letter itself:—

A—*Introductory remarks*—Greetings and words of praise. Chapter 1, verses 1 to 5.

B—*He has heard a bad report of them*,

(1) They have formed themselves into hostile camps; Chapter 1, verse 6 to Chapter 4.

(2) They have kept company with a notorious sinner; Chapter 5.

(3) They have fostered quarrels, and gone to law about them; Chapter 6.

C—*Answers to questions put to him*,

(1) About marriage; Chapter 7.

(2) About abstinence from meat under certain circumstances; Chapters 8, 9, 10.

D—*Correction of some abuses that have come to his ears*,

(1) Women's behavior in church; Chapter 11.

(2) The proper way of approaching to Holy Communion; Chapter 11.

(3) How talented members of the congregation should conduct themselves, and which gift exceeds every other; Chapters 12, 13, 14.

E—*The Doctrine of the Resurrection*; Chapter 15.

F—*Concluding Remarks*—Salutations and Blessings; Chapter 16.

Now, I shall have failed in my attempts, unless some readers of THE GRAIL do actually take down the New Testament, this very month, and read through the First Epistle to the Corinthians. On the supposition that there are some—at least one—who will do thus much, I will add a few notes to assist them.

It is useful to mark the Bible, A, B, etc.: (1) (2), etc., to show the division, indicated above. I shall refer to these divisions in the notes which follow.

A—*Introductory Remarks*—“sanctified in Christ Jesus, called (to be) saints”; the idea is, that as a gardener takes a slip from one tree and grafts it on to another that is strong and full of life, so a man by Baptism is grafted on to Christ; as the sap of the strong trees feeds the engrafted slip, so does the holiness of Christ. His Redemption, merits and grace flow down to the baptized Christian and make him holy; therefore, St. Paul calls such a Christian, a “saint”; the word simply means “holy,” and every Christian in a state of grace is holy; for the grace that is in him is the same as the grace

that is in Christ. This though is not only very beautiful, it is full of spiritual profit; it is a favorite of St. Paul; we shall meet it again.

B, (1) *Party-strife* the first fault St. Paul has to find; "Cephas," the Aramaic word for St. "Peter," and the word actually used by our Lord, when He gave him the name; in chapter 3, verse 5, we are taught how to regard our pastors; they are the servants of Christ and of His people; they are the dispensers of the Sacraments; in a word, we are to consider *what* they are, not *who* they are; the office, not the man.

B, (2) *Notorious sinner*; St. Paul had excommunicated this man; this act had the desired effect; the man repented and the Apostles received him back into the Church.

C, (1) *Marriage* is lawful, holy, and cannot be dissolved; virginity is better.

C, (2) *Meat-offered-to-idols*; this was afterwards sold with other meat in the market; when a Christian was invited out, such meat might be on the table. What was he to do?

D, (1) *Holy Communion*; In the very early days of the Church the Christians met for a meal in common, just as our Lord and His Apostles met for the Last Supper; at the end of this meal Holy Communion was given, as It was given at the end of the Supper that our Lord took with the Apostles; at first the food was provided by those who were better off and all shared in it; but an abuse crept in, by which the rich brought abundant food and drink, of which they ate and drank too freely, while the poorer brother went without or ate his meager supply with shame.

D, (2) *Spiritual Gifts*; The Holy Spirit gave very special gifts to members of the Church in its infancy, so that some were eloquent preachers, some spoke foreign languages, others were able to interpret these hitherto unknown tongues; now, the abuse which St. Paul rebukes is the using of these gifts all at the same time or at the wrong time; while one man was preaching, another would suddenly stand up and begin; or one who could speak in a foreign tongue would want to do so, even though there was no one present to interpret what he said.

E, St. Paul shows that the Resurrection is most certain, but that he does not know what our glorified bodies will be like; God has not revealed all things to His Church; He revealed what He thought necessary and useful. The present writer was once asked what Purgatory was like; not having been there, and the Church not having any revelation on the point, he had to acknowledge that he did not know.

F, Aquila and Priscilla were tentmakers; St. Paul had lodged with them during his so-

journ at Corinth; they had been the means of bringing Apollo into the Church; they had settled in Ephesus and naturally, when Apollo came there he took up his quarters with them; all three were well known to the Corinthians; St. Paul had a special point in mentioning Apollo, for by so doing he shows the Corinthians that Apollo did not agree with those who ran after him and made a party in the Church under cover of his name.

Let no one approach the holy mysteries with a distracted and wilfully dissipated mind. Let no one think at this time of earthly things or human projects. Free from earthly cares, let everyone elevate himself to heaven, and unite himself with the seraphim, since he is so near the throne of the Almighty.—St. John Chrysostom.

Psalm 83

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER

How fair Thy tabernacles, Lord!
My spirit faints away
In longing for the courts of God
And heaven's eternal day.

My heart and flesh rejoice in Thee,
As when her long sought rest
The sparrow finds, or turtle dove
First warms its grassy nest.

Such are Thine altars unto me,
O God of Hosts, my King,
And blest are they who in thy house
Thy praise forever sing.

And blessed is he whose aid Thou art,
Whose heart desires to rise
By steps from out this vale of tears
Unto the shining skies.

For He that gave to us the law
That we might rise, gives grace
That step by step we may ascend
And meet Him face to face.

O God of Jacob, and our Shield,
Give ear unto our cries;
And on the face of Thine own Christ
We pray Thee turn thine eyes.

Oh, better one day in thy courts
Than thousands far from Thee;
And better fill the lowliest place
Than dwell where sinners be.

For truth and mercy are of God,
He giveth power and fame;
And innocence will He reward
And those who trust His Name.

My Sunday in Paris

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

FOR many years I had been longing to see the great capital of which I had read and heard so much. Most of its monuments one had learnt to know from pictures and photographs, but their general setting in the scenery and their relation to each other were things that only the living reality could bring home. And then within those monuments, in the great churches and museums are stored treasures so numerous that each one can satisfy his devotion and his particular interests—once he has crossed the thresholds of those sanctums. Consequently, the opportunity offered by my journey from England back to Weingarten last March was too good to be missed, and I made a bee line from London to Paris, via Newhaven and Dieppe.

For my four days' stay I was kindly admitted to the modest hotel of the Benedictine Sisters, not far from the Invalides, in the south of Paris. At six in the morning during those memorable days I said Holy Mass in the beautiful Gothic church, while the community was singing the second part of Lauds. They sing nearly the whole of the Divine Office, and their chant must have been particularly recollected then, for the Sisters were making their yearly retreat under the direction of the Abbot of Saint Vandrille.

Three days I devoted chiefly to hunting up biblical manuscripts in various libraries. They were mostly easy of access, and where I met locked doors, my letters of introduction from the British Embassy turned every key. For I had not come as a mere tourist, but also to turn over and study those pages of the Scrip-

tures, centuries old, that bring one so much closer to the Apostles.

But the very situation of the libraries caused me to travel pretty well the length and breadth of the city. Thus to reach the Bibliothèque de l' Arsenal, I took the electric car to the Place de la Bastille, and as it went overhead most of the way, there was a good bird's-eye view of all southern Paris. The car then crossed the Seine on a bridge of its own, and in five minutes the Bastille was reached: — or rather its place was reached, a vast empty square, for of the old fortress and prison, not a stone has been left upon a stone.

On the Sunday I tried to be a good churchgoer. The church of the Sacré-Coeur lay to the far north, but was easily reached by tube. Its cupola of stone was first glimpsed from the end of the Rue Antoinette, and a flight of well-nigh two hundred steps brought me to the top of that historic hill, (Montmartre), the Mount of the Martyrs. Here had Saint

Denis been put to death in early centuries; here had Saint Ignatius of Loyola taken his vows and laid the foundation of the Society of Jesus; and here the French nation has even now erected that marvellous basilica, a witness to its Christian spirit in these days of struggle for God and the Faith.

It was soon after 1871 that the French people, made sadder and wiser by their great defeat, decided by Government vote, to erect a national basilica to the Sacred Heart. The first stone was laid in 1876, and then for half a century the walls rose and rose. They rose in spite of the anticlerical government, in spite of the expulsion of the religious and of the break with Rome. At last the task was ended;



HIGH ALTAR—BASILICA OF THE SACRED HEART
—MONTMARTRE

the consecration was fixed for October, 1914, and the last stone laid on the 2nd of August. But on that very day Germany declared war on France! In the years of blood and tears that followed the basilica remained unconsecrated,—but also, thank God, undamaged. Now in the days of peace the *Sacré-Coeur* has been consecrated; it stands as a sacred city of God on a hill, a pledge of God's grace to all Parisians who look up to it in faith.

If in other churches of France men are seen far too few, this is not the case at Montmartre. There were hundreds of men at the sung Mass I attended that day, and all joined in singing the "Gloria" and "Credo." That was an impressive sight, all eyes being turned to the white marble high altar, that stands out clear against the dark stone walls and pillars of the basilica. And then beneath, there is the wonderful spacious crypt, where noblemen, office clerks and workmen muster by night to spend hours in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Paris has its sinners, but it has also its saints. Till now it may seem that the sinners have been having it all their own way; but the prayers of the saints are surely beginning to tell; the new leaven is working and there is sure prospect that it will continue. This very summer the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Dubois, has had the joy of consecrating forty-five priests who will continue the great Christian apostolate.

Taking then the "Nord-Sud" line to the Rue-du-Bac, I spent what remained of the morning visiting the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity. At this great centre of steady, unpretentious, but often heroic work for Christ, one realizes an aspect of French saintliness and practical devotion that is often overlooked. Two of the well-known figures were sitting in the lodge at the entrance of the courtyard, and I was soon directed to the chapel, at the further end. This was not indeed the spot where Saint Vincent and Blessed Marie de Marillac had planned and called into being the great Society (the mother-house was four times changed in Paris), but here was the altar of the Saint, and his relics had long rested here: and here in the sacramental presence the seeds of holiness were sown in the hearts of novices from so many countries. Outside the chapel is a large relief of the Blessed Foundress caring for poverty-stricken children.

In the afternoon I resolved to be at the Cathedral of Notre Dame for the Lenten "Conference" at five o'clock. Walking down along the Seine, I had time to spend a good hour and a half at the Louvre, the great royal palace now used as a museum. Here most of the archeological treasures of France and its colonies, and those discovered by her explorers in Egypt

and the East are set forth in wonderful array. Here is a feast for the Bible student! But the Catholic heart will find even greater appeal in the great galleries of paintings, where masterpieces of the immortal Catholic artists of Italy, France, Germany, and Holland are so numerous. Reproductions can give no idea of the beauty of the original colouring and the delicacy of these figures of Christ, of the Madonna and the saints. One feels there is a heart within those breasts, a soul behind those eyes.

But time was pressing and I had to hasten away to the little isle of the Cité on which the cathedral stands, at the true centre of Paris. I found crowds without, and within, the nave was filled with some ten thousand men, and men alone. Still I was able to occupy a place with the clergy in the choir before the high altar until, just before five, we were allowed down the middle of the nave to reserved seats just in front of the pulpit. So my usual optimism was well rewarded!

Precisely at five a large procession left the sacristy, while the choir of men and boys sang the touching piece of chant: "Attende, Domine, et miserere, quia peccavimus Tibi," (Attend, O Lord, and be merciful, for we have sinned against Thee). This part, being the refrain, was sung by all, and brought the Lenten spirit home. Meanwhile the preacher, followed by many prelates, and last by Cardinal Dubois, made his way down the church. The preacher, Père Sanson, a young Oratorian, ascended the pulpit, while the Cardinal occupied a throne opposite, with the clergy about him. They dominated that compact mass of humanity, which listened a full hour to the word of God, all faces turned to the pulpit. It was a spectacle never to be forgotten in this most wonderful of Gothic cathedrals,—as day turned into twilight and yet the preacher's voice rang on clear and strong.

He spoke of the restlessness of man's soul, till it finds God, till it believes in a loving God. Without God, man would be the greatest of mysteries; for the human soul has two opposite tendencies, it can rejoice in little worldly pleasures, but it has also great longings, great ambitions to be happy, to be immortal. It is useless for the unbeliever to say he does not fear death and dissolution, for the facts of life prove that man has an undeniable horror of death. Yet it is not to be wondered that the human body, often weak and ailing, wears out in time and finds at last its grave. Why then does the soul so rebel, so long for real happiness, now and beyond the grave? Because it realizes that there is a great Power that can bestow this happiness. If man is so tiny a thing in the great universe, if his life is but as a day compared with the rolling centuries,

this longing for eternal life and bliss would be absurd if it were not God-given.

Thus from the pulpit, where Lacordaire had so long preached the truth to unbelievers and doubters, the word of God is still sown, and we know that it bears fruit. In his final discourse on Good Friday, Père Sanson fairly over-

powered his hearers. He attacks the modern man in his great stronghold—his pride and self-sufficiency, and he does well, for only when this is broken will France as a whole again realize and be grateful for the Redemption of Christ, only then will she again justify her title of "Eldest Daughter of the Church."

The Scandalmonger

MINNIE MORTIMER

RAY Selwyn rose slowly from his knees and passed out of the church. He had dropped in for a short visit. He had seen a man praying at the foot of the crucifix, and his curiosity was aroused—somewhat. The man's attitude showed something deeper than ordinary devotion. He looked like one in distress. Ray had heard him sobbing. The man was poorly clad,—evidently a workman out of employment. He gave Ray that impression. He came from the church slowly and thoughtfully.

"Shouldn't be surprised if that chap isn't on the brink of starvation," he mused.

On the steps he paused—and waited. Perhaps the man would come out pretty soon, and then—

The man came out at that very instant. On the top step he paused, and seeing the stranger regarding him with uncommon interest, touched his cap respectfully.

"Sir," he faltered, "you don't happen to know of a place where I could get a job? I'm in the building line,—a bricklayer, and I—Oh, sir! I'm out of employment and my poor wife is sick—"

He broke off abruptly; looked ready to break down.

Ray Selwyn gazed at him steadily for an instant or two; then he cleared his throat.

"You want a job? You are a bricklayer?"

He saw the poor wretch smile hopefully. He also smiled.

"I can give you work. I'm a master builder." He felt in his pocket, drew out a small card, and handed it to the workman.

"Call at that address tomorrow morning. There's a job waiting for you. I'm a hand short. You'll do I guess. What's your name? Where were you last? Why did you leave?"

"My name is Job Carter," the man said, taking off his cap and turning it round and round—slowly. "I left my last place suddenly, owing to sickness. Smith was my guv'nor's name.—Do you want a reference from him?"

"No,—not necessarily.—I can see you are sick." Selwyn gazed at him with some show of compassion. "D'y you think you are fit for work—at the moment?"

"I'm as fit now as I ever will be," the man feebly answered. "I'm willing—honest. Give me employment and you'll not regret it; I'll serve you well, sir."

"Be as good as your word. At any rate, you shall have a week's trial. I'll see how you get on. You can start tomorrow morning,—seven sharp."

"Right, sir; I'll be there. I'm much obliged to you, sir. Good morning."

Ray Selwyn murmured 'Good morning,' and went off. Job took a different direction. His way lay through a squalid neighborhood, in which his home was situated. The well-to-do man chose a pleasanter, wider thoroughfare. He walked along briskly—as if in good spirits and on friendly terms with himself and the world in general.

He presently came to a halt—outside the widow Merryweather's gate. That little home of hers was tantalizingly inviting. The mere sight of it suggested coziness, good cheer, good company. The widow was excellent company; a delightful little person; trim, *petite*, good-looking. Her age might have been about fifty. His was that. She was of his Faith,—and was perfect in his eyes. She was, in his opinion, a pattern—a model; one worthy of imitation.

Her home was the best little home for miles around. Those curtains at the window! When did he ever see a soiled pair? That narrow pathway leading to her gate; when was it ever strewn with autumnal leaves, blown about by the wind? The widow never permitted such happenings. The pathway was swept carefully of all litter,—sometimes twice a day; according to the mood of the wind, and the season.

She was like a little bandbox herself,—not elegantly dressed, but neatly. Neat gloves, neat shoes; all that betokened a lady. Ray Selwyn liked her. A little? More than that. He contemplated asking her to become the second Mrs. Selwyn. He had been married before. Five years ago he had lost his first wife.

Pausing at her gate, he asked himself, should he take this opportunity of proposing marriage? The day was brightly fine,—the horizon undimmed by cloud. Should he knock at her

door (oh, that brass knocker—so admirably polished!) declare his passion in her cozy little parlor, and make himself thereby the happiest of men? That is to say, if she accepted him.... Would she? He hesitated. He was a little shy—a little doubtful—a little anxious. And so he stood pondering, prodding the ground with his stick, as if trying to solve a problem. The problem being the heart of a woman.

All at once he lifted his eyes and saw the widow's door open slowly,—and then the little widow herself appeared on the stoop; a feather brush in her hand. Evidently she had been dispersing cobwebs from the walls; and now Mr. Selwyn was anxious that she should dispel them from his mind. He therefore darted a hopeful look at her, his eyes brightening. He did not guess that she had been watching him through the window curtain,—and had divined something of his mental cogitations. A smile was on her lips as she stepped to the door; a smile that betokened her state of mind. That is to say, she looked the personification of womanly content.

That smile of hers—that sunbeam—set all his anxious thoughts at rest. Ray's nervous apprehension—doubt—misgiving, gave place to happy confidence. He felt perfectly sure of winning her. His heart bumped with joy, his hopes went sky-high. He was himself again; his sprightly, genial self. The intent of his visit, however, required gentle introduction. He could not rightaway declare his passion. As a feeler, he mentioned the poor fellow he had met at church, a short while ago. He informed the widow that he had given him employment, and of his infinite relief thereof.

She listened with some show of interest. But there was a peculiar glitter in her eye.

"What was he like?" she suddenly asked. Ray described him accurately.

"Why, that was Job Carter!" she exclaimed; and then, with a scornful curl of her thin upper lip, she added: "Fancy offering *that* man work! Why, he's never sober. He don't deserve to live. He's a disgrace to the parish. I pity his poor wife. Don't you have anything to do with him, Mr. Selwyn?"

"But he was out of employment—"

"Out of employment? Shoo! His own fault entirely. He shouldn't drink. No one will give him work, and I don't wonder. He moved into this parish a few weeks ago. Lives in the slums, and—"

"So he drinks?"

Selwyn spoke as if to himself. He had come to sudden, swift decision. He would get shut of the man; he would send him away when he came to work next morning.

"Thanks for the information, Mrs. Merry-

weather," he said abruptly; lifted his hat and went off.

He did not now feel in the mood to propose marriage to the widow. He could do that at some opportune moment. He was angry and disappointed with the man, Carter. He was annoyed with himself for having engaged him—without first obtaining a reference. And he was also vexed with Mrs. Merryweather. He had not suspected this trait of character in her. Her tartness—acerbity—uncharitable—jarred on him. He had doubts as to their future happiness, if they married. He had hitherto set her on a pedestal. And now the pedestal had swayed a little, threatening to overthrow his idol. He would, therefore, wait before asking her to be his wife. He would watch her more closely. It wouldn't do to make a hash of matrimony; a piteous failure. His first wife had been a failure. She was a proud, harsh woman—God rest her soul!

He was thankful, however, to have discovered Carter's true character in time. And yet he wished that the disclosure had fallen from other lips than Mrs. Merryweather's.

* * * * *

One of widow Merryweather's sterling qualities was her kindness to the sick. And no sooner was she apprised by a neighbor of Mrs. Carter's sad condition, than she hastened to fill her basket with goodies and paid her a visit.

It was unfortunate that the little widow's tongue was so dangerous; for there were occasions when she could chat quite pleasantly, charming her listeners and filling them with good humor, for she was such a cheery little body. There were some who deplored this sad defect in her character; but there were others who were scarcely aware of it, being that way inclined themselves. The habit of 'gossip' is so prevalent among the women folk; and the men, too, I am sorry to say. The evil that accrues thereby is as common, as widespread, as the sowing of the mustard seed.

Well,—the little widow, in bonnet and cloak, sallied forth, with her basket of goodies—carefully covered with a neat white serviette—in the direction of the home of her sick neighbor.

What a scene of squalor—poverty—wretchedness, did she walk through! The street in which Mrs. Carter lived was the dirtiest in the city; the very worst. The Carter's lived in a tenement house, on the top story. There were several children,—all little 'steps and stairs,' and all replicas of their father in looks: pinched, shallow, hollow-eyed—with the terrible glare of hunger in them; sickly, unwholesome. The woman herself was a weird looking personage, of the gipsy strain. For weeks she had lain sick unto death, surrounded by her little

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family, who watched her fade without show of concern, or unhappiness,—being too young to understand such matters, and of the manner and meaning of death, when it lays claw-like fingers on these unfortunate victims—uncared for, ill-fed, unconsoled by any genial surrounding.

Her husband, thrown out of employment by reason of his unfortunate vice, was a drag on her existence. He spent every cent of his earnings (when in work) on liquor, and was out of his senses (more or less) in consequence. Drunken riots and brawls were the scenes she had been accustomed to during practically the whole of her married life.

She spoke in a weak, whining voice, as if tired of herself, of life—everything; and Mrs. Merryweather listened to her complaints with womanly sympathy. She sat by the bedside, patting the poor creature's hand. The children surrounded her, eyeing her as if she was a fairy—or some other phenomenon.

"But, ma'am," the woman went on to say, trying to lift herself in the bed, for she ached through lying there so long, "I oughtn't to speak of him like this. I ought to be sorry,—and I guess I am, poor fellow! I'll tell you the reason. About two weeks ago, he came home in good spirits. Not the worse for drink (she smiled wanly) "but full of courage; and his face was beaming all over. 'Liz, what do you think?' he said. 'I've made up my mind to give up drink.' I was so astonished I couldn't answer him, for the moment; and before I could speak, he went on: 'I was praying in the church, begging Our Lord's forgiveness. I knelt at the foot of the cross. I asked Him to send me work, to give me one more chance, and I'd give up drink,—and never touch it again—never! When I got up and came out of the church, I met a well-dressed man with whom I got into conversation, and found that he was a master builder. And he's offered me work, Liz, and I'm to start tomorrow morning.' Poor Job! He was so pleased. As for me, I was as gay as a lark, and my health seemed to improve. The next morning Job went off to work, but returned in half an hour. I shall never forget his face. It was livid, and despair was written on it. He said that the man had sent him away, declaring that he couldn't have drunkards about him. Job was terribly upset. He vowed he'd drink himself to death, and he's keeping his word, for what little money we've got left—out of my own savings, ma'am,—he's spending on liquor, and leaving me and the little ones to starve."

She stretched out her clawlike hand,—so thin, so emaciated it was,—and she laid it on her visitor's arm, gazing keenly into her face.

"Ma'am," she said, her eyes kindling, "I should like to know *who* told that man about my husband's weakness for drink. I guess it was a woman! A set of gossipers, they are! They're all born that way. It was a cruel shame—and I should just like to meet her!"

Though she looked her visitors through and through, she did not suspect her to be the culprit. It was just because she had that one thought at the back of her mind, and she was trying to think who the culprit might possibly be, but she had not arrived at any definite conclusion. It was an ordeal to the widow. To return that gaze without shrinking, or changing color,—or showing any concern, was not easy. It required great coolness—self-possession. Happily she possessed both qualities. Inwardly she winced, and her conscience troubled her. She was also sore afraid that Selwyn might have mentioned her name in the matter, when he sent Carter about his business. And she waited—nervously—for some disclosure of the kind. In her mind she sought some plausible excuse, in case of a volley of abuse from the sick woman—should she know the truth. The fire in her eye might spread to her tongue, and that was a thing Mrs. Merryweather dreaded. But her fears were groundless. Mrs. Carter suddenly said,

"Ma'am, I know you sympathize with me! Your kind face tells me so!....But oh! wouldn't I like to have a few minutes' conversation with that *blabbing woman*!"

Then her mood suddenly changed.

"No, no! I mustn't talk like that....Me, a dying woman! What would the Lord say if I were to stand before Him at this moment, and He had to pass judgment on me?" She shook her head sorrowfully. "He would be ashamed of me, and I would be ashamed of myself.—Ma'am, I forgive that woman; I forgive her freely, even as He forgave His enemies when He hung on the cross...."

Her voice trailed off. She was weary—exhausted almost. She had suffered much during the last few days, and was very weak.

The sight of the widow's basket of tempting provisions, which she now began to disclose to her wondering gaze, revived her, however. A new hope came to her. The food looked so good, so appetizing, and it would give her strength,—and maybe add a few more days of life....It was nice to enjoy something palatable after those terrible days of starvation! Nourishment was what she most needed.

The widow spread out the dainties to the best advantage. She handed the invalid a jelly, and a ripe apple to each of the children, who almost snatched them from her, and proceeded to bite into the fruit like young animals.

Mrs. Carter partook of the jelly with the keenest enjoyment, and was most profuse in her thanks.

"Ah, ma'am," she said, "I'm very grateful to you. You're the kindest lady!" And so on. When she had swallowed the last mouthful, she remarked thoughtfully,

"I was just thinking, if only we used our tongues in the right way; said kind words to each other,—and never wagged them in bitterness against our neighbor. What a world of harm and scandal it would save!—And doesn't our religion teach us to be charitable to one another?...Are *you* a Catholic, ma'am, might I ask?"

Mrs. Merryweather nodded. It was getting too much for her; she felt she really could not stand it any longer. She rose abruptly.

"Anything I can do for you, Mrs. Carter," she said cheerfully, "I will, with the greatest pleasure. Only let me know.—I will come and see you again."

"Ma'am, if it was only to see your kind face I'd be delighted! You're an angel!"

Mrs. Merryweather, stepping along in a certain direction, felt anything *but* an angel. She held down her head in shame. Moreover, she was busy with her thoughts. She had plenty of food for reflection. Her conscience reproached her most bitterly, and insisted on certain things being carried out. And she was obliged to listen. How *could* she turn a deaf ear when it said clearly enough: "You have caused great sorrow and misfortune to that unhappy man and his family. Your scandal has led to this,—and now you must repair the evil by paying a visit to Mr. Selwyn and making a clean breast of it. And you must do your best to persuade him to give Job Carter employment."

Once resolved, she gripped her resolution with a clench of the teeth. No turning back; no putting off her visit. Her mind was made up; it must be done *at once*. Right foot foremost, she stepped bravely out in the direction of Selwyn's business premises.

Who shall say what painful misgivings troubled her on the way? She was tempted to 'turn back,'—to 'put it off,' etc. That Ray Selwyn regarded her with no uncommon interest, she was perfectly aware. And she liked him, and hoped that their mutual liking might lead to marriage. And now she must go and tell against herself, and make herself shabby in his sight....No! self must take a back seat—self must be forgotten. Duty must be done, cost what it might.

She was quite flushed when she reached his business premises; not with the exertion of walking, but at the thought of the ordeal that faced her.

"Humiliation is good for the soul," she breathed; turned the door handle, and went in with her usual air of cheerfulness.

He was seated behind his desk, and he looked up at her as she entered, arching his brows. The look said, "What brings you here?"

She came to the point at once.

"I want to have a quiet chat with you, Mr. Selwyn," she said in a low voice. One or two clerks were hanging about the office, and of course she wished to see him alone.

He rose with alacrity.

"Come this way," he said; and conducted her to his private sanctum, where, without any hesitation, she told him the object of her visit,—owning to her fault with perfect frankness and humility.

"It's all my fault," she said, shaking her head sorrowfully. "I ought to be ashamed of myself. I've wrecked a home through my wicked tongue. I'm a detestable scoundrel, and I can't tell you how sorry I am to own to such a thing! If I hadn't told you that Job Carter was addicted to drink, why, you wouldn't have sent him away when he came to work for you,—now would you?"

There was an awkward pause. Selwyn's face was turned from her; he was pondering. Before he could say anything, she went on—slowly and bravely,

"I've come to ask you, Mr. Selwyn, to give that unfortunate man work. *Please*, for his wife's sake, listen to me! If you refuse I shall be most unhappy."

There she broke off, covered her face and wept bitterly. She could not help breaking down. The tears gushed forth as from a rising torrent,—and they relieved her.

He did not speak for some little time. He also was moved; and he wanted to let her have her cry out. It was just as well, he thought. At last he said gently, clearing his throat,—

"Don't be upset, my dear Mrs. Merryweather. The fault is mine as well as yours. We're both in the wrong, I fear....It's good of you to have come and told me all this, and I admire you for it,—for it must have cost you. I guess just how you feel....And do you know, you have done me good? You've made me feel ashamed of myself....I'm ashamed and sorry for the harsh way I treated the poor chap. I should have given him a chance; I oughtn't to have sent him away. He shall have work,—I'll see to it, I promise you. Will that make you happy?"

She looked up at him with such a happy look in her eyes,—her heart too full to speak,—that he reminded himself of that opportune moment he had let slip by, the other day....Now was

the time to speak. He leaned a little forward, and opened fire—

"I am going to ask you if you will make *me* happy,—if I may?" Without waiting for her answer to *that*, he rightaway avowed his passion and asked her to be his wife.

Did the widow Merryweather accept him? Why, of course! And gladly. She counted herself a happy woman, and Ray Selwyn considered himself the happiest of men.

They were married in a few weeks, and he never had cause to regret his choice. She was worth a dozen of the first wife! She dropped that horrid 'gossiping' habit, and was all the better and happier,—and more worthy of the

name of Catholic. If only every woman would but follow her example!—

Job Carter, his wife and family are now thriving. Little by little he gave up the drinking course, for when Ray Selwyn sent for him 'to start work rightaway,' he felt new life coursing through his veins, and made up his mind to be different, and to give every satisfaction to his master,—and the Divine Master watching over him. His wife is slowly but surely recovering her health, thanks to her turn of fortune; and the children are quite bonny little creatures, owing to good fare at home, and occasionally a generous 'helping' out of good Mrs. Selwyn's well-filled luncheon basket!

Among Those Greatest

HARRY W. FLANNERY

EVERY year someone thinks up a new angle for our national pastime of picking the greatest this or that. Not so long ago someone named what he thought were the ten greatest books, and more recently Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard selected what he considered a list of the twenty greatest figures in modern educational history. On every occasion the lists evoke much comment and criticism, and though none of it ever gets anywhere, all of it is worthwhile, if for nothing else than its being good mental gymnastics for all who take part, and for teaching all something that they did not know before.

The division into groups of ten or twenty greatest is a useful, though foolish, form for these discussions. No one but Dr. Eliot will agree that his list of the most important figures in modern educational history is the best list, but who cares whether it is or not as long as it does not prevent us from thinking on that interesting subject, as long as it does on the contrary start such thinking.

One most sensible list of such great personages, it seems to me, would recognize Christianity and its moral influence as the most important factor in modern educational history, and would begin with reflections on the men to whom it owes its growth. (Dr. Eliot seemed, in his reckoning, to have forgotten how important an influence Christianity is.) After some consideration along such lines one comes, however, to a point where such great figures are great figures in more than a strictly Christian sense, for they are more than moralists, their thought and work becoming involved in other matters of education. Where these lines of different kinds of education meet, names are suggested that are interesting for consideration but that might more properly be placed under another heading before the final reckoning is

made. This little discussion, which it must be said, is at random, begins with recognition of the important place that Christianity should have in the selection of any list of great educators, often goes off at some suggested tangent, and attempts only incidental reflections along any other important line of educational influence.

If one were to begin this list with a consideration of important men before the time of Christianity, but who were of vital importance in its history, this provisional list would start properly, I think, with Moses, who represents the only revealed religion prior to Christianity, a man of enormous genius, a lawgiver and a great leader of his people. It would include the four evangelists, whose writings have done more to change the state of the world than any other documents ever written; St. Paul, whose genius has had its potent effect on Catholic theology; St. Augustine, original genius whose work was outstanding in the formation of Catholic theology in the fourth century; St. Thomas Aquinas, more learned than Augustine though not so original, who organized the knowledge of the middle ages; St. Benedict, founder of the great Benedictine order; St. John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers; St. Theresa, as one of the most important of religious teachers; Cardinal Gasquet, Cardinal Newman, Bishop Spalding, W. S. Lilly, Father John Zahm, and many others.

One who considers the subject of education in its proper sense must consider the element of Christianity because the only real education is that which trains the whole man, not only in mind but in manner. For such a reason Christianity in its development of knowledge, both mental and moral, in the early ages, and its sheltering of the seed it had sown even through

the barbarian storms of the middle ages is certainly a force of prime consideration in the naming of a list of great educators.

Before the days of Our Lord there were other men, too, who, it might be said, should at least be considered in the formation of a representative list—men like Socrates, whose magnificent mind we know through Plato and Xenophon, his pupils; Plato and Aristotle. All of these men were practically, though not actually, Christians. They were at least potential Christians, who, though not even a part of the body from which came the first Christians, were men who ultimately thought and believed in the same manner. Socrates, in addition to his pioneer attempts to build up a science of human conduct founded on science, and not as previously on proverbs, instances, etc., was the first known man to build up an argument for the existence of God from design—the teleological argument; and to state among his fellows the belief that the soul survives the body. But aside from this religious point of view from which we may contemplate Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, we must include these men for their extremely important work in philosophy. In that they were pioneers over modern paths—Socrates, guide of Plato, Plato guide of Aristotle, and Aristotle pointing out the path that was followed by the Scholastics.

Thought must be given also to those great men in the history of Christian thought and education who further developed this system of knowledge, and who were responsible for its life during the middle ages. Of such are the Benedictines, who may be represented by their founder, though they include such illustrious men in addition as the Venerable Bede, Cassiodorus, St. Augustine, St. Boniface. Of all the orders the Benedictines deserve this primary place not only because of their own invaluable work during the onrush of barbarianism, but because of the form of the order after which others patterned. Entitled to a prominent place, too, is John the Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, who introduced a system of psychologic pedagogy embracing the essential principles adopted by later workers in the field of educational reform. Modern education owes to him the system of simultaneous, instead of the individual, teaching that had been the manner before him. He also introduced and perfected the system of the normal school. Such men as F. W. Froebel, J. H. Pestalozzi, and J. F. Herbart,—not Catholics—certainly are also noteworthy because of their important efforts in advancing education. To Pestalozzi is given credit for the modern tendency to educate by means of sense impressions, to Froebel, credit for kindergarten methods.

Another important figure, though his ideas

have been much misrepresented by moderns, is Charles Darwin, promulgator of the evolutionary philosophy. Mention of Darwin calls to mind others who were included in Dr. Eliot's list, men like Adam Smith, English economist, and Louis Pasteur, a Catholic, founder of physio-chemistry and father of the modern science of bacteriology, a man to whom practically every science is a debtor. Of prominent significance, too, is Abbot Mendel, whose experiments with peas and bees resulted in the formation of the famous Mendelian law. As a popularizer and original thinker in science, Father John Zahm, C. S. C., is also important.

Cardinal Newman's radical system of reasoning that aimed at convincing the whole man where previously popular systems were content with persuading his mind, and his discussions of college education that arose from his interest in the proposed Dublin University, make him, too, an important figure. The efforts of Archbishop Spalding to spread the cause of education are also outstanding. It was he who, realizing the need of schools for boys in Kentucky, brought the Xaverian Brothers to Louisville; who succeeded in getting the American College at Louvain; who organized the St. Vincent de Paul Society, founded the House of the Good Shepherd and St. Mary's Industrial School; who secured the endorsement of the Second Plenary Council for the Catholic University; who was successfully active with letters and lectures in the Know-Nothing controversy.

The names that might be suggested for this list of great figures in education are many. One might start down another important path of educational influence, and call many more names to mind. After that—a stupendous task of selecting from the mass the most important names, a task that could be properly performed only by a man old and learned in the study of education. This attempt at a retrospect is meagre indeed. It is hardly begun, for even in the line of thought attempted many figures have probably not even been mentioned, but, anyway, thumbing through the story of great personages who contributed their great all to the progress of the most important power in educational history—a power that seems to have been missed by the gaze of the learned Dr. Eliot—is interesting and delightful whether it is exhaustive or not.

Beautiful Thoughts

ELIZABETH VOSS

The lovely thoughts that everywhere
Are wafted to the sky
Fade not, but come to earth again
In loving hearts to lie.

Frances E. Willard

MAUDE GARDNER

ON the New York Central Railroad, fourteen miles west of the city of Rochester, is a beautiful little village of some six hundred inhabitants, whose only claim to distinction is the fact that it is the birthplace of a great American woman—Frances E. Willard, who was born on September 28, 1839, in a little house which yet stands in the tiny village of Churchville, New York.

Some time ago a movement was started to erect in this little hamlet a beautiful church edifice to be known as the Frances E. Willard Memorial Church, the same to be built on an elevation overlooking the place of her birth and on the very spot where her last public address was made. The house in which she was born is now a part of another building, but the birth room has been carefully preserved and this is to be removed and built into the stone sanctuary as a memorial room, thus securing forever its preservation, and making of it a shrine and a place of pilgrimage where people may go to do homage to the memory of one of the nation's greatest women.

But the New York village did not long remain the home of the little girl destined to become the great leader in fighting the dragon, drink, for when she was little more than a baby the Willards removed to Oberlin, Ohio, where both parents, longing for better opportunities than their youth had afforded, attended the college of the town for a few happy years until the father's health failed, and giving up his dreams of becoming a minister, he with his little family set out for the far west, where in the active life of the open, he hoped to grow well and strong again. There were no railroads in those days and these pioneers traveled in prairie schooners, (covered wagons), three of them, trailing along like a caravan for thirty days across the great prairies until they eventually reached Rock River in Wisconsin, and on the high bluffs, above the water, near the town of Janesville, they built "Forest Home," as they called it, a quaint, rambling house, set among magnificent trees which almost hid it from view.

And in the rugged pioneer wilds of Wisconsin, Frances E. Willard's early life was spent. There was New England Puritan blood in her veins and this, coupled with the privations of the rugged pioneer life, helped to lay the foundation of her iron will, her unyielding courage, which were to be such wonderful assets in the years to come, when as a teacher, author, lecturer and organizer, she was to lead in the great

task of making the world a better place in which to live.

In those western pioneer days of seventy-five years ago, there were not many educational advantages, but the Willard children made the most of what they had. From a tiny girl Frances had shown an unusual thirst for knowledge and what a pleasure it must have been to the father and mother to teach their little girl who often declared she wanted to know everything. After a time a little schoolhouse was built in the woods near "Forest Home," and these children, who had never known any teachers save their own parents, reveled in the school of which they had dreamed.

When this little school in the Wisconsin woods had done all it could for Frances E. Willard, she was sent to a college for girls at Evanston, Ill., where she soon became a leader, not only in books, but in all the pranks and fun of the college and the social activities as well. Graduating at twenty, she took up the only occupation at that time open to women and began her career as teacher in a district school, going later to Pittsburgh, Penn., to teach in a college, and it was during this period of her life that her first book, "Nineteen Beautiful Years," was written in memory of the young sister who had recently died, and who had been the dearest comrade of her childhood and girlhood days.

And by and by the college, from which Frances Willard had graduated only a few years before, called her to be its president. What a triumph this must have been for the young teacher! To go back as head of her Alma Mater, she had never dreamed of such success when she took up the profession of teaching! Remembering her own school days at this very same college, she began to demonstrate that self-government was the better form of discipline, for never in the history of the institution had there been less cause for complaint regarding the conduct of the student body.

While Frances Willard loved her work of teaching and was always most successful, there was always with her the feeling that she was destined for something else, and when after some years of travel abroad, she came back home to take up her old profession again, two letters came for her one day in the same mail, both offering her positions but of an entirely different character. The first letter she opened was from a prominent school for women in New York, asking her to be its principal, the position to carry with it an excellent salary, ideal surroundings and all that a teacher's

heart could wish. The second letter offered no salary at all; it meant a sacrifice of everything, but Frances E. Willard accepted the latter offer because it was her chance for service, the real service which she had always wanted to do.

Back in her childish days in Wisconsin, she had learned from her good parents the evils which drink brings and the plea of these broken-hearted wives and mothers, whose lives had been saddened by the liquor traffic, touched the right chord in Frances Willard's heart, and she gladly accepted the call to service, and from henceforth was known as the leader of the great crusade, whose outgrowth was the organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union,* with Miss Willard as its first president.

Several years previous to this time the Willard family came down from Wisconsin to live in Evanston, Illinois, with their gifted daughter, and in a pretty house, which they called "Rest Cottage," many happy years were spent. With the father's passing, Frances Willard and her mother still called this cottage home and it was to this quiet, restful place that the brave little woman would go for a few day's rest so that she might gather strength to go on with her ceaseless toil. Today "Rest Cottage" is national headquarters of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a memorial to the memory of Frances E. Willard.

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union does not stand for *temperance* as the name implies, but is a total abstinence movement that identifies itself with Protestant church activity. In the Catholic Church the Catholic Total Abstinence Union promotes abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

Diphtheria

State Medical Association

No child in Indiana need ever have diphtheria. Ten years ago such a statement would have seemed a rank absurdity, but so rapid and so sure have been the strides of scientific medicine that it is nothing less than criminal for a child to be allowed to contract diphtheria these days.

Medical science has found the way to render any child immune against diphtheria and this immunity is, as far as known, permanent and the method is simple and entirely safe. To understand this rightly, a short explanation of immunity may help. The only way that any person keeps from having diphtheria or recovers from an attack of diphtheria is by the antitoxic action in the blood. Most persons develop this substance unconsciously and normally by the time they are 18 or 20 years of age. If one recovers from an attack of diphtheria, this element is present in the blood.

The preventive of diphtheria is known as toxin antitoxin which stimulates the child to develop the resistance to diphtheria. This toxin antitoxin consists of a small quantity of the toxin produced by the growth of diphtheria germs, together with enough antitoxin to neutralize it. When this is injected in small quantities it serves to stimulate the growth of natural antitoxin in the blood.

Were it possible to apply diphtheria toxin antitoxin in sufficient dose and early enough in all cases, the mortality from diphtheria would almost vanish.

If your child has a sore throat, be sure to call in the doctor. Obviously, only a qualified physician can decide whether or not the case is one of diphtheria. If your doctor says that antitoxin should be used, see that this is done. It may save your child's life. In the days before antitoxin, one out of every three who had diphtheria died. Now if antitoxin is used on the first or second day of the disease, 98 out of every 100 children recover. The sooner a diphtheria patient receives the attention of a physician, the more certain is a cure. Sore throats are likely to be dangerous, so play safe and call a physician if your child has a croup or sore throat.

The *Indiana State Medical Journal* says: "Not infrequently parents neglect to call a physician where a child has a sore throat. This is a mistake as evidenced by the increased number of cases of diphtheria that reach an advanced stage before a medical man sees them. Every sore throat in a child should be considered suspicious until it is proved non-contagious."

Some children are naturally immune to diphtheria while others are susceptible. A simple skin test, called the Schick test, will show if your children are susceptible. Those who are susceptible can be protected against the disease by the injection of toxin antitoxin. Ask your family doctor about the Schick test.

O Jesus, grant that in all the vicissitudes of life my heart and my mind may ever turn to the tabernacle.

The Eucharist is the abridgement of all the gifts of God, for It contains Jesus Christ, the source of every grace and every gift.—Henri Perreyve.

Trivialities

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

A little word, a little scene,
Make other words and scenes arise:
Men see the laughter of our lips,
But not the tears within our eyes.

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—Even our tears are said to be human. Our blood carries with it the proof that it comes from a man and not from a lower animal. Hair shows under the microscope whether it is from a human being or not. In a lesser degree, the same evidence of human origin is shown in milk, muscle, and bodily fluids. Now comes the claim that human tears show a protein that is distinct from that in the lower animals.

—A moderate degree of underweight is the most healthful condition for the middle-aged and the elderly.

—Cooking is an effective antiseptic for foods. Raw foods now offer greater sources of diseases than in the past. Formerly, milk, vegetables, etc., passed only through few hands and were less exposed to contamination. With the modern facilities of transportation and truckage, the danger to health has increased, especially where antiseptic methods are not enforced. Due to modern methods of pasteurizing milk, epidemics from diseased milk have been gradually reduced.

—Smokeless and steamless is the new Swedish motorship *Grisholm*. It has Diesel engines of 22,000 horse power, and a displacement of 23,500 tons. Electricity is the giant that tends to all the machine work on the ship.

—The bath tub that looks clean may not be clean. Numerous tests have shown germs in tubs that look clean to the eye. The best household remedy appears to be chloride of lime. A five-cent can, dissolved in a quart of water, will last an ordinary family a week. For institutions, the shower bath does away with the difficulty from unclean tubs.

—Diseases of the lungs lead in the deaths reported from England and Wales.

—“Beriberi,” the fatal oriental disease, prevails chiefly among people who eat highly polished rice. Legislation preventing too high polish is suggested as a means for stamping out this disease.

—Helium gas, being non-inflammable, has proved the best for dirigibles. But to make a descent, it has so far been necessary to waste some of the expensive gas. A recent invention from the University of Berlin would heat or cool the gas by electricity, and thus increase or decrease the buoyant effect without loss of gas.

—Whence come our flies in the spring? Do they live through the winter, or do they come from the larva and pupa stage? The popular idea is that certain adult flies live through the winter in cracks and crannies, but no positive evidence can be offered. But in the spring certain flies appear which cannot come from the larva and pupa then existing. Recent experiments conducted by the Department of Agriculture indicate that these flies are not the survivors but the offspring of the adult flies. Flies are known to emerge from manure heaps as late as December. Attracted to warm places, they continue to live and breed. Hence, there are adult flies all winter, though no single one lives through the

winter. Whatever be true, it pays to swat the first flies of the spring, since it is the big plump fellow that perpetuates the species.

—Many poultry ideas have been tested by scientific experts recently. Skimmed milk has been found to increase the growth of young chicks. There appears no way of determining the sex of the chick from the egg itself, either from the shape or the size. Hatchability is probably best improved by testing breeding birds for bacillary and white diarrhea and by eliminating the affected birds.

—Special receiving stations for radio telephony receive the programs from Europe, and re-broadcast them for the American public.

—The motor fuel for the future will come from coal and alcohol,—such is the prediction of many scientists in the discussion of the American Chemical Society.

—Do our American Indians speak old Chinese? Facial resemblances between the Indian and the Mongolian have often been noticed. Now comes the statement that the study of Indian languages shows many points of similarity and even identity with the older Chinese forms.

—Prevention of motherhood is a source of cancer—is the statement of Dr. Hastings Gilford, former Hunterian professor of the Royal College of Surgeons. The doctor claims that the grim disease is a punishment which follows birth control and the evasion of nature's laws. Dr. Courtenay Dunn, when interviewed as to this statement, expressed his agreement, and added: “It is better to trust to Providence than to seek for aid in a direction of which you are ignorant.” Holy Scripture says: “By what things a man sinneth, by the same also he is tormented.” (Wisdom 11:17.)

“APPLIED” SCIENCE

—Without the radio, the phonograph, the automobile, the grand piano, it might be possible for the family to have a bank account.

—The submarine should be always submarine.

—The life span in America is lengthening. Is this because the good die young?

—The modern boy knows as much about the buck-saw as the modern girl knows about the needle.

—‘Opportunity’ does not mean a chance to get money without earning it.

—The decline in the number of farms in the United States may be due to inability to support a flivver.

—To save your own car, park it aside the new, shiny one. It will back out, without scraping yours.

—To reach success, just overtop the fellow you were yesterday.

—A California paper reports Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, Gobi desert explorer, digging out ‘dinosaur eggs 10,000,000 years ago.’

—To cure the small boy of swimming, just call it bathing.

—Dieting to reduce means for some people to eat at all times except at meals.

—It will soon be easier for a college to depend upon its football team than upon the philanthropists for the endowment fund.

—Uplift in colonies appears to some nations to consist in high explosives.

—Prohibition and radio are about the same age. As to their comparative receptivity,—that is for you to determine.

—The class yell of the school of experience is: "Ouch."

—One scientist is reported experimenting with the milkweed as a substitute for the cow. Here's hoping he does not cross it with the water lily.

—From the view point of interest, the dictionary is a bit plotless, but it has a splendid vocabulary.

—If husband has his hair cut too short, he might be taken for his wife.

—A good substitute for gasoline is shoe leather.

—Every new year the automobile that was perfect the preceding year has been greatly improved.

—The mint makes money first, and we must make it last.

—The more money is inflated, the more it sinks.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—According to the latest statistics there are in the United States 13,984 boys and young men preparing for the priesthood. This is an increase of 1,549 over two years ago.

—The Catholics of Detroit have begun the erection of the University of Detroit, which will cost in the neighborhood of \$8,000,000. Bishop M. J. Gallagher turned the first spade of sod at the initial ceremonies.

—Detroit is also about to build a magnificent Gothic cathedral of generous proportions. The length of the building is to be 480 feet, with two towers 325 feet in height. There is to be a seating capacity of 3,500.

—Nine Catholic colleges of the Archdiocese of St. Louis have united to form an organization that is known as "The Corporate Colleges of St. Louis University."

—Mrs. Bertha Zimmerman, who died on December 8th at Westphalia, Iowa, was the mother of eleven children. Of these, four daughters belong to the Franciscan Sisters of Milwaukee and two sons are Jesuits: one, a priest, the other, a scholastic. Twenty-three others of Mrs. Zimmerman's immediate relatives have also given themselves to God in the cloister or in the seminary.

—With the closing of the Holy Door on December 24th the jubilee year came to an end at Rome. The world at large will now be able to gain the indulgences of the jubilee year at home. The conditions for gaining these indulgences will be made known by the bishops to their flocks.

—Cardinal Mundelein has promised the Holy Father that a million Holy Communions will be offered up in the Archdiocese of Chicago on June 20th, the opening day of the International Eucharistic Congress in that city.

—Lieutenant Thomas J. Barry, after years of service on the Baltimore police force, passed to his reward on Christmas eve. Lieutenant Barry, who was a friend to the friendless, a father to the fatherless, a model Christian, a splendid type of Catholic, and real lay missionary, was accustomed to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament every day.

—On December 27th Archbishop Curley confirmed in St. Barnabas Church, Baltimore, 118 colored boys and girls, and seven converts. In five years there have been 300 converts in this church.

—Holy Cross Priory, Cañon City, Colorado, which was recently raised to the rank of abbey, now has its first abbot in the person of the Rt. Rev. Cyprian Bradley, O. S. B., who for the past three years had been prior of the young community. The election took place on December 15th. The new abbot will probably receive the solemn blessing and be installed in office on the feast of St. Benedict, March 21st.

—Recently a false report was spread abroad that Dom Desiderius Lenz, O. S. B., originator of the Beuronese School of Art, had died. Although the health of the aged artist is greatly impaired, his mind is perfectly clear. Born on March 12th, 1832, he passed his ninety-third birthday nearly a year ago. On August 15th, 1878, Dom Desiderius was professed as a Benedictine. Having received the subdiaconate, he did not wish to take higher orders so as to be able to devote his time to art.

Benedictine Chronicle and Review

DOM LOUIS BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

ENGLAND:—One of the latest and best editions of the "Imitation of Christ" is that by Benziger Brothers. It is a translation by Richard Whittford, Brigittine of Syon House, Isleworth, and is edited by Dom Roger Hudleston, a monk of Downside Abbey, with a preface by the same. The volume is 16mo, has 315 pages and is priced at \$1.65.

Last July the Benedictine Dames of Stanbrook Abbey, near Worcester, celebrated the glorious anniversary of three hundred years of uninterrupted and remarkably active monastic existence. Linked with the bitter days of persecution in England, and banished from France in the days of the Revolution, these English nuns have achieved fame in many directions. Many excellent English translations of the best French works have come from these Benedictines. Their largest work is the translation into English of Dom Prosper Guéranger's "Liturgical Year." This collection is composed of fourteen volumes and is marketed at \$30.00. In the realm of Gregorian Chant they were the first to publish the "Grammar of Plain Song" in English, which received a laudatory brief from Pope Pius X in 1905. Since that date the nuns have, among many other publications, given us an "Outline of Musical Paleography," from the original French of Dom André Mocquereau. This work gives one a complete account of the work that has been accomplished in the restoration of the

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sacred chant. Without the translations of these famous works by these learned nuns, it may be safely said that the English musician, without a knowledge of French, would never have had the great benefit of their springs of learning.

Dom Anscar Vonier, Lord Abbot of Buckfast Abbey, Devonshire, has just given us his "Key to the Doctrine of the Eucharist." He assures us that, in calling his book a "Key," he is borrowing from the prince of theologians. This "Key" consists in a clear and concise notion of the nature of a sacrament, followed by the logical distinction between the sacramental sacrifice and the natural sacrifice, the sacrifice enacted in the Supper Room and the sacrifice offered on the Cross. The volume is for sale by Burns & Oates, 6/.

St. Scholastica's Abbey at Teignmouth has just celebrated its golden jubilee. These Benedictine nuns devote themselves to perpetual adoration. One remarkable event in connection with the jubilee is this that three of the nuns who organized the community fifty years ago are still living. One of these is the present abbess, Lady Florin.

A "Liturgical Prayer Book," containing the Mass, Vespers, and Ritual with principal Catholic devotions, is just published by Dom F. Cabrol, the resigned Abbot of Farnborough Abbey. Dom Cabrol is a liturgist of the very first rank and any work signed with his name is a work of perfection. It is published by Herder and supplies the needs of a handy vade mecum.

IRELAND:—The "Sermons for the Seasons and Principal Festivals" is a translation from the Latin of St. Bernard, by a Priest of Mount Melleray Abbey, published by Browne and Nolan, Dublin. The same monk translated and published St. Bernard's "Sermons on the Canticle of Canticles" (two volumes, 1920, 1921). In these times and days a publisher who has the ambition to enterprise the works of St. Bernard must be complimented. Ireland is surely living up to her old title: Isle of Saints and Scholars. This collection contains eighty-six sermons in all. Of course that on the "Canticle of Canticles" was the subject of predilection of the great Abbot of Clairvaux. Dom Mabillon was always of the opinion that St. Bernard, whilst addressing his 900 monks at Clairvaux, did not speak in the Latin tongue, though his sermons were written in a nervous Latin style. They must have been delivered in the vernacular so that each might understand his elevated thought, pious sentiment, and unlabored humor. Dom Rivét declared that some of St. Bernard's Latin writings have no equal, especially the "Lament" over his brother Nivardus.

BELGIUM:—"Sponsa Verbi" (The Virgin Consecrated to Christ) is a little book from the pen of the late Abbot Dom Columba Marmion, of Maredsous Abbey. Sands and Company of London publishes the English translation of the famous abbot's last spiritual conferences to Benedictine Nuns. These conferences are not, however, specifically monastic in nature but, in their widest and most exalted aspect, according to the author, "they seek to attain a larger circle of influence, reach-

ing not only those already consecrated to Christ, but revealing to those pure souls in the world a high ideal." The translator is Dom Francis Izard, O. S. B.

With the death of Bishop Laurent Janssens, O. S. B., at the age of seventy years, a great figure, who has nobly served the Church and signalized honored the Benedictine Order and Belgium, departs to enjoy eternal bliss and receive the well-won reward of his many labors. Bishop Janssens was professed a Benedictine monk at Maredsous Abbey in 1881. His outstanding qualities as a theologian, philosopher, musician, littérateur, and poet quickly secured for him a position on the staff of San Anselmo in Rome. Shortly after he was appointed Rector of the third International Benedictine University by Dom de Hemptinne. Dom Janssens published his monumental work on the "Summa" of St. Thomas in 12 volumes at the expense of the Vatican. The Holy Father, wishing to recompense the zeal of this able master, appointed him a member of many Roman commissions, the most noted of which were the Biblical Commission and the Commission of the Holy Office. As a final reward, he was made Bishop of Bethsaida. Many of our American monks will dearly reverence the memory of Bishop Janssens, for he was a genial character and, amongst many other languages, he spoke English fluently. *Requiescat in Pace!*

Rev. Th. Ploegaerts has recently published a well-written monograph on the "Histoire de l'abbaye d'Aywères" (Brussels, 1925, 138 pp. 10 frs.). The history of Aywères Abbey (Cistercian) begins in 1202. The old minster was famous for its vast estates and also for the holy lives of its nuns, such as the Abbess Hawide, St. Lutgarde (d. 1246) and Sybille de Gages. In the eighteenth century, although the abbey had escaped the "reforms" of Joseph II, it was dissolved by the Revolution.

In the second edition of "The Order of St. Benedict," by Dom J. de Hemptinne, Prefect Apostolic of Katanga, Belgian Congo, we notice a complete revision of, and additions to, the first edition. The book forms the 17th volume of the famous Pax Collection. The prelate divides the history of the Order into four epochs, somewhat similar in treatment to Abbot Butler's "Benedictine Monachism": (1) high medieval age (550-910); (2) low medieval age (910-1417); (3) modern era 1417-1793; (4) contemporaneous period. It is to be noted here, however, that Abbot Butler gives a fifth epoch—the reconstruction period—1800-1914. Dom Hemptinne maintains that that monastic expansion from the eleventh century to the fourteenth was the work of the Cistercians. Do all agree? We think it is rather artificial to divide the Order into Black Monks and White Monks. This is only accidental, for, as we know, the Monte Vergine monks, although confederated to the fifteen Congregations (who, on the other hand, wear black) are garbed in white; the Sylvestrines in blue; the Mechitarists and Armenians, Benedictines not confederated, wear black! The little volume is a treasure. It is lavishly and artistically illustrated and although written in French, it is worth possessing for its illustra-

tions, if for nothing more. The Pax Collection has reached twenty volumes in its four-year growth—a wonderful apostolate for good reading!

Why Salads are Necessary

RICHARD S. BOND

Twenty years ago we heard comparatively little about salads. They were not particularly in vogue. True, mother cut up some cucumbers and sliced some onions and served the combination in a dish of vinegar, at the same time serving another plate of lettuce. Still, we did not look upon this combination as a salad. It was merely cucumbers, onions and lettuce leaves—and really, that was all it was. Unless it had been served en masse or in proper salad fashion, we could hardly call it a real salad even though all the constituents of a good salad were there.

Today the salad is very popular. It may be a vegetable salad, a fruit salad, a mixture of both vegetables and fruit, or one of those modern full-meal salads which take the place of the meat course at the midday meal—and sometimes even at the evening meal during extremely hot weather.

The salad has not become so popular merely because of its attractiveness nor because it appeals to the taste. These things have had a lot to do with it, I am willing to admit, but back of it all is the fact that the salad is a medicine or a tonic. Because people are beginning to realize this, they are asking for salad at least once a day. In their salad they are securing the necessary minerals, salts and vitamines that go to make a perfectly healthy body. Without the salad they would find it difficult to get their full quota of these various elements.

Cabbage, for instance, is very rich in a certain vitamine. When cooked, most of the vitamines are very likely to be of little or no use. To get the full benefit from cabbage, it must be eaten raw. Here is where cold slaw or some vegetable salad comes in. Touched up with some other foods of flavor, the raw cabbage becomes a dish fit for a King, and the medicine is relished by everyone at the table.

Oranges and lemons are filled with minerals, salts, and also with vitamines. The entire pulp of the oranges may be used in salad form. With the lemon, we usually rely on the juice alone, but as this juice gives a piquancy to most salads, it may be used in innumerable combinations.

The health-giving tomato, grape fruit, celery, lettuce, pineapples, onions and strawberry—all lend themselves to salad formations. This is fortunate, for housewives are thus able to vary their salads so that a different one may be served each day for an indefinite period of time. Naturally a certain few will become prime favorites and will be repeated once every week or two, but new salads will be possible at all times.

Some salads are worked to death. Probably the humble combination of tomato and lettuce suffers most. Out of the twenty-five or thirty million housewives

in the United States, it is safe to say that at least twenty million rely upon tomatoes and lettuce when unexpected company comes, or when there is but little time to prepare a meal for the family.

Tomatoes and lettuce combine well together, but the combination is so common that it surely should not be served on important occasions at least. Really there is no need for it. Other simple combinations are just as good and just as easily prepared, so why pick constantly on the poor tomato and its bed of lettuce leaves. Use either one with something else, or use both plus additional ingredients, or if you wish, make up a salad in which neither lettuce nor tomatoes appear. At any rate, keep away from plain lettuce and tomatoes except when you are dining alone.

A cabbage and orange salad may be made up in ten minutes, and is so different that it will appeal almost as much as a complicated salad. Peel oranges, removing all of the white skin. Cut into one-fourth inch slices and then into segments. Cover salad plates with finely shredded cabbage. Sprinkle with orange segments. Serve with French dressing.

If the salad is for a children's party it may be well to keep to fruits and nuts. Kiddies love sweet things. This love may be catered to in salad form and at the same time the children will secure some excellent balancing food. Bananas and oranges sliced and served with lemon juice and sugar will always appeal to the children. If you can serve this in individual helpings on crisp lettuce leaves, some of the children may eat the lettuce and thus secure additional minerals and salts.

Sliced oranges and seedless raisins make another good combination, particularly when served with a sauce made from the juice of one orange, one-half cup whipped cream and one tablespoon powdered sugar, stirred well together.

For a whole-meal salad you will probably wish to include gelatine, fish, meat, or else use a large number of vegetables or fruits. A mock lobster salad is very popular in some sections of the country. It calls for two cups of cooked haddock, two cups diced celery, two tablespoons lemon juice, one cup mayonnaise and two tablespoons minced pimento. Mix cold, flaked haddock with remaining ingredients and serve on crisp lettuce leaves. Of course it is not necessary to use haddock. Any dry meaty fish will serve the same purpose.

A whole-meal lamb salad may be prepared the day following cold roast lamb. Veal or duck may well be used in place of lamb. 2 cups of lamb (veal or duck), 4 oranges, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup French dressing.

Cut the meat into small pieces. Peel oranges and cut in thin slices. Combine oranges and meat and serve on crisp lettuce leaves with French dressing.

French dressing has been suggested for several of these salads. An excellent dressing may be made from three tablespoons lemon juice, six tablespoons oil, one-fourth teaspoon salt and one-fourth teaspoon paprika. These ingredients should be mixed, and should be stirred or shaken thoroughly just before serving.



MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—I am wondering how many of you have a "Grail Catholic Art Calendar"? I have one before me now, and am looking at the beautiful holy picture, "Rest in Egypt." It shows the Christ Child in the center of the picture in a soft, mellow light. Our Blessed Lady sits beside Him protectingly while St. Joseph is reclining on the grass nearby. It is near the close of day and the setting sun casts a warm glow over the green grass in the foreground and the darker green trees in the background. A few flowers are blooming near the feet of the Child. A covered basket, near which is a ball and a walking stick, is the foreground. The coloring of the picture is pleasing and the entire scene is restful.

Aside from his beautiful picture, which occupies one third of the page, what else of interest is there?

A small picture on the second of the month (February) shows me that this is the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This little picture shows the Blessed Virgin presenting the Child in the temple and St. Joseph offering the doves according to the custom of that time. The feast of St. Blase is on the 3rd, and that reminds me that it is the custom of pious Catholics to have their throats blessed on this day on which the blessing of St. Blase is given with a petition for preservation from throat troubles.

A picture of Our Lady of Lourdes on the 11th shows the Blessed Virgin appearing to little Bernadette, whom the Church recently beatified. She will some day be numbered among the canonized saints.

There is a red fish across 17, and I look to see why and find that this is Ash Wednesday and the beginning of the holy season of Lent. Under the number is a Bible verse, "Dust thou art and unto dust Thou shalt return."

Besides the red fish over this number and the ones which indicate that all the Fridays are days of abstinence, there are two more red fishes which mark the 24th and the 27th as Ember Days.

Lincoln's birthday and Washington's birthday are indicated with red lettering.

For every day which is not indicated by a picture there is a Bible verse. Among these verses are several which all of us would do well to memorize:

Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good.

He that shall persevere to the end, he shall be saved.

Heaven and earth shall pass, but my words shall not pass.

Watch ye, therefore, because you know not what hour your Lord will come.

Blessed is that servant who when his Lord cometh, He shall find ready.

Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least Brethren, you did it to Me.

Watch ye and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world.

Whosoever shall do the will of God, he is My brother, and My sister, and mother.

In what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again, and more shall be given to you.

What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?

What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

If you will not forgive, neither will your Father who is in heaven forgive you your sins.

The last inscription on this page of the calendar tells me that February is the Month of the Hidden Life.

If you do not have an Art Calendar, won't you send to "The Grail" for a copy? You will be more than delighted and feel repaid every day in the year.

The holy season of Lent begins with Ash Wednesday and on this day ashes are blessed and placed on the foreheads of the faithful while the priest says, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." This is to remind us that life, no matter how pleasant, must come to an end, and that the time of penance and prayer is at hand.

Each boy and girl should deny himself and herself something which is especially enjoyable during this season. Many children will be able to attend holy Mass each day and receive Holy Communion; all can say the rosary or make the stations of the cross. Many of you, no doubt, will practice self-denial and save your pennies, nickels, dimes for the missions. There are Indian and Negro missions in our country, also missions among the poor Mexican children, that are badly in need.

St. Dorothy is a saint of the month. She was a young virgin whose parents had suffered martyrdom. She was placed upon the rack and promised her life if she would consent to marry, but she replied that Christ was her only spouse and death her desire. She was then placed in charge of two women who had lost the faith. She converted these two women and was once more seized and placed upon the rack of torture. When asked why she looked so happy, she replied, "I have brought back two souls to Christ, and I shall soon be in heaven rejoicing with the angels." She was cruelly buffeted with red hot irons and finally beheaded. Theophilus, a lawyer, mocked her, and asked her to send him apples or roses from the garden of her Spouse. Just before she died a little child appeared before her with three apples and three roses. She told him to take them to Theophilus and tell him that this was the present for which he had asked. He saw that the child was an angel in disguise, and he was converted to the faith and finally suffered martyrdom.



Weighing Anchor

The Treasure Ship is now filled with eager little passengers. But there is always room for more. They may embark at any port. Having placed our good ship under the guidance of the Star of the Sea and St. Michael, the Angel Guardian of the Blessed Sacrament, we weigh anchor for our cruise. A gentle breeze fills the sails and drives our vessel out into the deep sea. As we look over the broad expanse of water we are reminded of the story of St. Christopher, who earned heaven by ferrying people across a swift stream. On a dark and stormy night he carried a little Child across the angry waters. It was the Christ Child. How happy the saint must have felt for the privilege of carrying his God. We, too, are Christophers, "Christ Bearers," whenever we leave the communion rail, for we carry Jesus really and truly within our hearts.

There was once a little girl who carried Jesus home with her without knowing it. We will therefore call her

CHRISTOPHORA

The scene is laid in a nobleman's castle in Europe. It was Sunday morning. The sun was just tinting the tops of the mountains when a girl of eighteen emerged from her father's mansion to go to the village church, three miles distant. She was met at the door by her father, who asked: "Gertrude, where are you going so early in the morning?"—"To church."—"To church? Why, the assistant priest from the village will say Mass in our private chapel at nine o'clock. There is no need for you to go to the church."—"But, Father, I want to go to confession and receive Holy Communion."—"Receive Holy Communion? You made your Easter Communion on Low Sunday; and it has always been the custom in our family to approach the holy table four times a year."—"I know, father, but before mother died she made me promise her that I would go to confession and Holy Communion every four weeks. She said that she would watch me from heaven to see whether I would be faithful to my promise."—"If your dear, saintly mother said so, then I can have no objection. But, Gertrude, why do you want to go to the village? Can you not receive Holy Communion in our chapel just as well?"—"I should be quite embarrassed to approach the altar *alone* every month, for I should feel the eyes of all resting upon me. But in the church of the good nuns, where other women and girls receive with them, I can go unnoticed. I am not afraid to go alone, for I feel the eyes of mother resting on me. Father, may I go?"—"Go, my child, and may God bless and protect you."

An hour later she was kneeling in the little village church. It was at first a convent. Gradually families settled in the neighborhood, and then it became the parish church. How beautiful everything was! The

highly-ornamented altar, the sweet singing of the nuns, all tended to foster devotion in the hearts of the faithful as they knelt absorbed in prayer, eagerly awaiting the happy moment when their God would be the Guest of their well-prepared souls. With trembling hand and faltering voice the aged pastor distributed the Bread of Life to the nuns and then to the faithful. He came to Gertrude. Full of faith and love she welcomed Jesus into her heart. The priest paused, scanned her features carefully, and then, apparently satisfied, passed to the next communicant. With downcast eyes Gertrude returned to her place.

In the meantime the assistant had arrived at the castle to celebrate Mass for the family and for some of the vassals who lived in the neighborhood. All took their places in the chapel, the aged grandfather alone excepted. Seated at the window of his room, he had his large prayer book open on his knees, and his well-thumbed beads in his hands. The bell announced the time of elevation. Grandfather prayed: "O God, I pray for one thing: do not let me die without having received you once more. When I am dying come to me, and then all will be well. If my Jesus is with me, who can be against me? I shall not then fear death. Jesus, you know that I have always loved you in the Sacrament of your Love. You know that I have always received you with a well-prepared heart. You know that I have also persuaded little Gertrude to keep her promise to her departed mother. Oh, may nothing happen to her on the way! I have often asked her to receive Holy Communion for me. I made the same request this morning. She has surely done so and will bring me back a blessing. O dear God and Savior, how I long to receive you again into my heart! Let all creatures in heaven and on earth praise you for this great Gift—Thy inheritance—and testament—divine—holy—thrice—." The old man sank back exhausted in his chair. His face was pale. Had sleep, exhaustion, or death seized him?

The Mass was over. The father entered the room. "Look," he whispered to one of the servants, "grandfather is asleep." But when he drew near and saw the palor of death on the face of the aged man, he exclaimed: "Hurry, get the chaplain before he returns to the village." As the priest entered with the holy oils, which he always carried with him on his missionary journeys, the old man opened his eyes and exclaimed: "Praised be—Jesus Christ—Father—God has sent you—I—must—die. I—feel—it." Having finished his confession, the dying man said: "Father—I have but—one wish more. Bring Jesus—to me—for the last time—if that be—possible. Oh, I cannot—die—without having received Him. O God, let me live—until Father returns—with the Blessed Sacrament. St. Joseph—Holy Mother of God—," and again he fell back lifeless.

"Had I but known this," the priest remarked to the assembled members of the family, "all would then be well. But to go to the village and return with the Blessed Sacrament will take two hours. Grandfather will not live that long. The cold sweat is already on his forehead; his face wears the palor of death."—"Good God,—let—me—receive—my Savior—" the old man whispered faintly. "I will try my best," continued the priest, "to bring him Holy Viaticum. Perhaps God will work a miracle. It will not be the first time that He has done so at the deathbed of a pious man."

While all this was taking place Gertrude was on her way home. How happy she felt because Jesus dwelt within her. Her throbbing heart beat time to the songs of praise and thanksgiving her glad soul was singing to her Divine Guest. Taking out her beads, she said to herself: "I must now say the rosary for grandfather, as he asked me to do, that he may receive Holy Viaticum when he is dying." She began to tell her beads,

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but soon stopped, exclaiming: "Why, this is Paschal time and I should be saying the glorious mysteries, but I am always saying, 'Praised be Jesus in the Holy Sacrament of the altar!'" But, try as she would, she could not keep her mind fixed on the glorious mysteries; they were always centered on the Blessed Sacrament. On arriving at the castle, she wondered why so many people had assembled there. Had anything happened? She entered. In grandfather's room she saw two lighted candles. As she drew near the dying man she loosened the silk shawl that she had thrown around her neck and crossed on her breast. In doing so she beheld, to her amazement, a small Sacred Host concealed in one of the folds. Calling back the priest, who was in the act of leaving, she asked him to remove the Sacred Host. But how did it get there? The only explanation that she could offer was that it had fallen there unnoticed by her when she received Holy Communion. The old pastor, despite his poor eyesight, must have noticed something, for he looked at her closely, and, seeing nothing, passed on. The chaplain was speechless. Taking the Host from its strange burse, he whispered to Gertrude: "God has sent you as an angel with Holy Vaticum to your dying grandfather. Without you he must have died without receiving his God. This is a miracle, a miracle of grace! God does not forsake his faithful servants." Turning to the dying man he said: "See, grandfather, how God has provided for you. Jesus is already here. Now you can receive Him." Filled with joy and emotion the old man exclaimed: "O Lord, I am not—worthy—!" In a few moments he had gone to meet his Judge.

In this way Gertrude was a true "Christ Bearer" without knowing it. God's ways are wonderful. The silken shawl in which Jesus had been carried was preserved in the castle as a sacred relic and a perpetual reminder of God's goodness. As to Gertrude, after spending many years in a happy wedded life, and having reared her children in the fear of God, and seeing them settled in life, she found a little room in the convent adjoining the village church. There, near the Blessed Sacrament, she prepared herself for eternity.

CAPTAIN CRUISE.

The Sleepy Tree—A Lullaby

IRENE C. SEWALL

Come on, Sunny Boy, cuddle up warm,
Here in the hollow of mother's right arm.
We will sail away in this rocking chair
Eight into the blessed Land without Care,
Where the dear little birds sing so sweetly,
And the cute little lambs ba-a so mewly.
Candy men run round on stick candy legs,
Lollie-pops stump loudly on wooden pegs;
All just as merry as merry can be
Until they come up to the Sleepy Tree.
It is standing there with its leaves shut tight
And has told everything around it good night!
Then the little ducks put their heads on one side,
Little mice run off to their holes to hide;
All are as sleepy as sleepy can be
When they come on up to the Sleepy Tree.

Saved by the Blessed Sacrament

You all know that it is customary for boys and men to raise their hats to greet Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament when they pass before a church or chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is kept. This is just an ordinary act of courtesy that every one owes Our Blessed Savior. Have you ever heard how one young man, who had been falsely accused of murder, might have been sentenced to imprisonment or to death for murder, if he had forgotten, or through false shame had neglected, to tip

his hat when he was passing the church on a certain occasion. We take the story from an exchange.

A young man was riding on a trolley car in one of our large cities. As the car passed a Catholic church, he lifted his hat and breathed a prayer of greeting. A well-dressed gentleman who was sitting in the seat with him asked why he had tipped his hat. The Catholic youth explained that it was customary to do so as an act of reverence for Jesus Christ who was present in the tabernacle. No more was said at the time about the matter.

On that very same day it happened that a business rival of this Catholic young man was murdered. As no one had seen the deed done, suspicion fixed itself upon the Catholic, because of some difficulties that had arisen between the two. Circumstantial evidence, then, it seemed, would condemn him. He protested his innocence, but to no purpose. The trial was nearly ended and sentence was about to be passed. Imagine the feelings of the poor fellow, who knew that he had not committed the crime. But there was One who knew that he was not guilty, One who had Himself been condemned innocent to a most cruel death.

It was at this point, and just in the nick of time, that the Lone Prisoner of the Tabernacle came to reward the young man for the act of courtesy he had shown on the day of the murder. A man arose from the section assigned to the lawyers and asked permission to testify. He told of the trolley car incident, and declared that it was impossible that the young man had committed the murder, for he was in another part of the city when the crime was committed. Thus was the accused acquitted and his name was cleared.

Jesus did not forget the salutation of the young man. As the latter thought of His Savior in passing before the church, so the Savior remembered him in the hour of need. We should not be ashamed to greet the lonely Prisoner of the Tabernacle when we pass the church. Some move their hats as if to scratch their heads, especially when they are with strangers or non-Catholics. That is no greeting. Imagine a soldier saluting one of his officers in so slovenly a fashion. You probably know that such behavior would merit, and receive a severe reprimand. Let your greetings to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament be sincere and from the heart.

A Shepherd's Staff

Sweetest Savior, let me be
Just a shepherd's staff for Thee,
Dead to self yet in Thy hand
Answering quickly each command;
Supple as ash yet strong as steel,
Joying in Thy grasp to feel,
Reaching out for the lambs that stray—
Keeping the wolf pack ever at bay,
Lifting the weaking up from harm
Into the fold of the loving arm.
Strengthen my fibre lest it fail
Day by day with the Holy Grail.
Use me an hour, a day, or years—
In Thy hand I have no fears.
Night will fall and the sheep be in
Safe from the wolf and caverns of sin,
Then, Good Shepherd, find Thy rod,
Place to rest near the Hearth of God.
Sweetest Savior, let me be
Just a shepherd's staff for Thee. —A. Page.

Sleighbell Jingles

Sing a song of sleigh bells Sounding on the air;
Jingle, jingle, jingle, Music everywhere.

Boys and girls a-sleighbelling
In the glistening snow,
Hear the merry music
Everywhere you go.

Daddies and Laddies

Oh, the world is filled with daddies—
Not a place but has its share;
And they're loved by little laddies,
Here, and there, and everywhere;
And each little laddie's daddy
Thinks him better than the rest,
And each daddy's little laddie
Loves his own dear daddy best!

And there are so many daddies,
Plain and handsome, poor and rich,
'Tis a wonder little laddies
Can distinguish which is which;
But at picking out his daddy
Every laddie stands the test,
For each daddy's little laddie
Loves his own dear daddy best.

—Exchange.

Letter Box

(Address all communications for THE LETTER BOX to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Catherine Therese Murray, of 194 Fink Ave., Woonsocket, R. I., sends the following message:

It is a very long time since I wrote to the Grail. I have been reading it most every month and enjoy it immensely. I am 12 years old. I am now in the eighth grade. It is my last year in Grammar School, at Earle Street School. We are all in one building by ourselves, that is the eighth graders. I like school very much. The school is about a mile from my home, but I do not mind the walk with my other school friends.

I agree with the girls that the boys should write to the "Corner." If a few boys get up courage and write the others will. But I suppose they are afraid we shall call them "sissies" if they do. We will not, as we like to write to boys just as much as to girls. Next month I want to see many of the letters from the boys. They have "pep" when they play their sports and they ought to show their "pep" and write to the "Corner."

I would like to have some of the Cornerites write to me. I wish all the Cornerites a Happy New Year.

Anna Hausmann, of 566 Hapgood St., Athol, Mass., confesses that "It has been three years since I wrote a letter to be published in the 'Grail,' and hope I can visit you again.

"I hope Santa Claus was as good to the rest of the cornerites as he was to me. I am not going to mention my presents as it takes up too much room.

"Now a little about Athol. It has erected quite a few buildings since I wrote you last. We also have some new paved streets. During Christmas week the Main Street was decorated with small Christmas trees. It looked very nice at night.

"New England is a very good place for sports in the winter. Athol has a large skating rink, and many nice hills for sliding and skiing.

"I will answer any letters that I receive from any of the readers of the "Corner." Don't get shiftless with the pen and ink, boys and girls!"

Ada Barrett, of 3423 W. Broadway, Louisville, Ky., says:

"We have been taking the Grail for sometime. I have at last picked up courage enough to write. I am fifteen years old, and am taking a business course and hope to be finished with my first set of books in February. I enjoy the cross-word puzzles very much. Please, some of you boys and girls in the corner write to me. I hope to receive many letters."

We welcome to the "Corner" a new niece from 1007 Logan Street, Louisville, Ky., Dolores L. Bitter, who says:

I wrote to Marie Clarkson, a Cornerite, and she advised me to join the "Corner," whereat, I am doing so.

We have been taking the "Grail" for years. I certainly enjoy it, especially the "Corner."

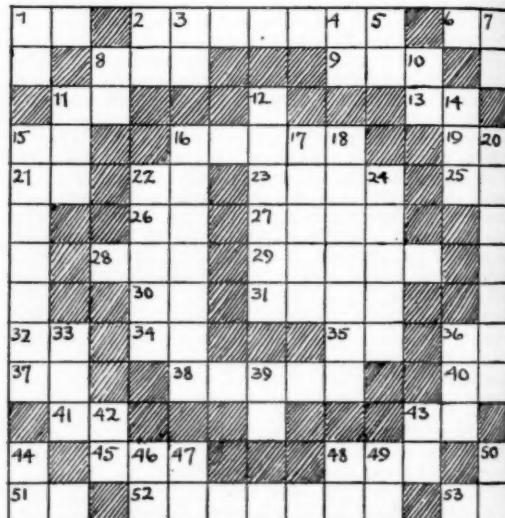
I attend the "Atherton High School for Girls," and am fifteen years old.

I have some correspondents through the Aloha Club of Louisville, but would surely welcome a letter from boys and girls who belong to the "Corner."

I would like for Eleanor Kane, whose letter appeared in the December issue, to write to me.

Margaret Cloughessy, writing from her home at 45 Platt St., Ansonia, Conn., says that she is getting lonesome for letters. She thinks that some of those with whom she became acquainted through the "Corner" have forsaken her. Wishing all a Happy New Year, she closes with the request for more letters.

Cross-Word Puzzle No. 13



Horizontal

- 1—Bill of lading (abbr.)
- 2—Extent of a bishop's jurisdiction
- 6—Company (abbr.)
- 8—A spider
- 9—One of the bones that encircle the breast
- 11—Died (abbr.)
- 13—Compare (abbr.)
- 15—Flanders (abbr.)
- 16—Educates
- 19—Upper Canada (abbr.)
- 21—Edition (abbr.)
- 22—South America (abbr.)
- 23—Overhanging flaps
- 25—Rear Admiral (abbr.)
- 26—Philippine Islands (abbr.)
- 14—Short fine hair of certain animals
- 15—Associates
- 16—Clothing
- 17—Jewish expounder of the Law
- 18—One who spins
- 20—Car for use of the

Vertical

- 1—Bishop (abbr.)
- 2—The same (abbr.)
- 3—In the same place (abbr.)
- 4—Senior (abbr.)
- 5—East Indies (abbr.)
- 7—All correct (abbr.)
- 8—Cape Breton (abbr.)
- 10—Before Christ (abbr.)
- 11—Not new
- 12—A prophet who was rebuked by an ass
- 14—Short fine hair of certain animals
- 15—Associates
- 16—Clothing
- 17—Jewish expounder of the Law
- 18—One who spins
- 20—Car for use of the

27—A shortened form of Abraham
 28—Deprived of luster
 29—One of David's generals
 30—Prefix meaning *again*
 31—An animal of the weasel family
 32—West Indies (abbr.)
 34—Prefix signifying *putting in*
 35—Educational Society (abbr.)
 36—Astronomical Society (abbr.)
 37—South Carolina (abbr.)
 38—Possessive pronoun (3 pers. plur.)
 40—Prefix meaning *from*
 41—Mining Engineer (abbr.)
 43—To accomplish
 45—To strike lightly
 48—Concealed
 51—Saints (abbr.)
 52—United in wedlock
 53—Peck (abbr.)

crew of a freight train
 22—A steeple
 24—To go in search of (3 pers. sing.)
 33—Frozen water
 36—Fuss
 39—Suffix used to form past tense of verbs
 42—Mountain (abbr.)
 43—Doctor of Divinity (abbr.)
 44—Manuscript (abbr.)
 46—American (abbr.)
 47—Pennsylvania (abbr.)
 48—Personal pronoun (3 pers. sing.)
 49—I would (contracted)
 50—United Kingdom (abbr.)

Teacher—"John, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"
 John—"Um-m-m-er-er, at the bottom, wasn't it?"

Bobby: "Mother, why does daddy go to town every day?"

Mother: "To work so that you and I can have good dinners."

On Ash Wednesday the dinner did not look so inviting as on other days, wherefore Master Bobby turned towards his father and said: "You didn't do much today did you, daddy?"

"Johnny," said the teacher, "I am only punishing you because I love you."

"Yes, teacher," whimpered Johnny, "but I wish I was big enough to return your love."

Teacher—"A biped is anything that goes on two feet. John, can you name one?"

John—"Yes, ma'am, a pair of stockings."

Father: "What is Tommy crying for?"

Mother: "He isn't crying for anything now. He's had it."



Solution to January Cross-Word Puzzle

B	O	A	T	D	O	G	G	U	N	S
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E	L	L	N	E	S	E	A	P	R	
M	I	N	R	E	P	R	E	P	R	
B	E	E	V	S	L	A	E	R	E	
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R	C	T	N	A	S	C	S	E		
D	A	M	M	S	A			R		
S	O	A	R	A	B	E	B	A	S	S

"Exchange" Smiles

Little Helen suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table.

"What's the matter," inquired her mother.

"Oh," whined the child, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

"If the president, vice president, and all the members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?" asked the teacher.

Robert tried hard, but in vain, to think of the next in succession until a happy thought struck him. "The undertaker!" he exclaimed.

The weather man may not have been at fault, but a blanket of snow was spread over the countryside before dawn on the morning of December 22nd, the morning that the students left for the holiday vacation. On the way to the station several of the conveyances played pranks on the men at the wheel, which somewhat delayed the progress of the homeward bound. The special train that was waiting for them at Dale was held a little over scheduled time that all might arrive. A few, however, who could not make it, soon followed on the regular trains.

The community was rejoiced on the morning before Christmas, when Father Abbot returned to us in splendid health and in the best of spirits from a five months' trip abroad. The first weeks of his absence, as was chronicled in a former issue, were made unpleasant for him because of colds and fever with which he was afflicted upon his arrival in Europe. After spending some days at Einsiedeln, Switzerland, whence came the pioneers of our monastery, he continued on his way to Rome. There, in October, he attended a meeting of all the Benedictine Abbots, who number 97, of whom 97 were present. After choosing a new Abbot Primate for the whole Order—which resulted in the re-election of the Rt. Rev. Fidelis von Stotzingen—the crowning event was, of course, the audience with the Holy Father. A visit, first to Subiaco, where our holy founder, St. Benedict, began his life of solitude and prayer, then to Monte Cassino, where the Saint spent the greater part of his life and died, was a fitting close to the pilgrimage of the sacred places. Father Abbot brings word that our clerics at Rome, Fr. William Walker and Fr. Gabriel Verkamp, are well and happy and that they are making progress in their studies. He happened to meet also some of our former students who are pursuing their higher studies at Rome or at Innsbruck. While abroad, the Rt. Rev. Abbot visited several monasteries in

Austria and other countries. He expresses himself as well pleased with his trip to Europe.

—With the snow on the ground and zero weather our Christmas was ideal. But Christmas is always a day of joy. In preparation for the great feast a beautiful crib had been erected in the church and another in the clerics' study hall. While these are homemade, except for the few figures that adorn them, these cribs with their truly artistic settings are handsome and very attractive. Numerous colored electric globes in the form of birds and flowers add to the attractiveness.

—In the solemn stillness of Christmas morning, an hour or so past midnight, the gladsome song of the angels, "Gloria in excelsis Deo," rang out and reverberated through the hallways of our monastic home while all were peacefully sleeping, gathering new strength for the coming strenuous day. From 1:45 a. m. to 2 the bells in the church towers joyfully pealed forth their "Merry Christmas," inviting the monks to "hasten to adore Him" with chant of psalm in choir, and calling the faithful from the neighboring hills and dells to come and worship Him their "God and King." Matins close with the singing of the *Te Deum* about three o'clock, when the first Solemn High Mass is celebrated by Father Prior. Immediately thereafter solemn Lauds are celebrated at the altar. This hour of the Divine Office is followed by the private Masses. Next in order is breakfast, then Prime and the second Solemn High Mass. Tierce and Pontifical High Mass, at which Father Abbot presides, at nine o'clock, followed by Sext and None in choir, finish the services of the forenoon. Solemn Vespers at three and Compline shortly after seven close our Christmas day. At nine the lights are turned off and then the weary body seeks refreshing sleep for the continued service of God, which begins on each tomorrow at the call of the waker, who makes the rounds shortly after 3:30 in the morning.

—Rev. Cornelius Mellen, C. R., Ph. D., who spent some years in our College, but who later joined the Congregation of the Resurrection, was ordained to the priesthood in the Cathedral at Indianapolis the morning after Christmas. On December 27th the new priest offered up his First Holy Mass in the Cathedral. At the altar he was assisted by his two brothers, Fathers Raymond and Francis Mellen, both alumni of our Seminary. Rev. Joseph Jacobi, C. R., Ph. D., S. T. D., who also began his course at St. Meinrad, likewise assisted at the Mass.

—Word comes from Evansville that Father Othmar, who has been bedfast with a severe case of neuritis since July, is beginning to improve slowly. Father Vincent is likewise afflicted with the same painful malady. Both of these priests, who were for many years professors at St. Meinrad, are now assistants to Father Martin at St. Benedict's Church, Evansville. Father Andrew, of Mariah Hill, another of our former professors, began the new year with an attack of appendicitis, which he bravely fought off. Father Chrysostom, of Dale, is ill at the hospital in Louisville. We trust and pray that the present year may not bring us greater afflictions, for we are now sorely tried.

—With the coming of the three Holy Kings on the feast of the Epiphany, our students returned from their holiday vacation. Review of class work in preparation for the semester examinations will occupy their time until early in February.

—January 7th was a family feast day for the community. After the offertory of the assisted High Mass, of which Father Prior was the celebrant, with Father Abbot assisting at the throne, two clerics of the Abbey, Fr. Damian Preske and Fr. Victor Dux, pronounced their solemn vows. Father Matthew, brother of the former, and Father Meinrad, were assistants at the throne. The impressive services closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. A number of relatives of the newly professed came for the ceremonies. According to custom the solemnly professed continued their retreat until the morning of the third day. Those who have been present will recall that during the ceremony of taking solemn vows the cowl or hood is drawn over the head of the newly professed and fastened under the chin by a few stitches. This, together with the previous prostration before the altar, signifies the mystic death to the world and its allurements. Then follows the clothing with the cuculla or great choir cloak with its wide flowing sleeves. After Prime on the morning of the third day the members of the chapter assemble in the chapter room; the newly professed enter and place themselves before the Rt. Rev. Abbot. Prayers suitable to the occasion are said, the cowl is unfastened, and those who have in spirit spent three days in the tomb with Christ come forth renovated spiritually. They are now full-fledged members of the community, as well as members of the chapter, with the right to vote in all matters that come before the chapter. — A third member of the class, Fr. William Walker, who is studying theology in Rome, made his solemn vows earlier in the season at Einsiedeln, Switzerland. At this venerable abbey, which dates back to the days of St. Meinrad in the ninth century, a quaint but beautiful custom obtains of having at the ceremony of solemn vows a spiritual godmother and little bride. The devout Catholics of Switzerland consider it a signal honor to be so chosen.—A star led the Magi to the Christ Child. May the star of vocation guide many more worthy young men to the service of the same Savior in our community, which really needs them for choir service, for teaching in the seminary, for our parishes, and Indian missions, as well as for the more humble but meritorious service of the lay brother.

—The annual retreat for the community will be held from February 7th to 12th, while the students will go into retreat on the 8th. Two Benedictine Fathers, Rev. Bernard Zell, of Subiaco, and Rev. Leonard Schwinn, of Atchison, will conduct the spiritual exercises.

—Among the many recent visitors to the Abbey we note the following: Mr. Frank Enslinger, of New Albany, father of F. Lambert, who spent Christmas with us; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Richart, of Seymour, whose son Louis, intends to become a lay brother, were here before New Years; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dux, of Indianapolis, accompanied by their little daughter, Virginia, came for the solemn vows of their son, Fr. Victor.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Her Sacrifice

JOHN ELLERY sat in his cashier's cage, thumbing restlessly over his ledger, looking furtively to right and left, then comparing something in his other books; it couldn't possibly fail! He said to himself, softly bringing down his fist upon the desk. Everything was fixed, and if things turned according to the tip he had—glory hallelujah! Then he would be on easy street; his mother would no longer have to wash and mend and sew; he would take his sister Jane out of the clutches of old "J. M.," the boss, whose private secretary she was, and through whom he had his present employment. Old J. M. would never be any the wiser—old skinflint, hard-as-nails—they could flip their fingers in his face then. No longer would he have to walk the chalk line for his measly one-hundred-fifty-per, answer buzzers, take bawlings-out for things gone wrong, or try to fulfill unreasonable demands upon his time.

It was no more than right; what right had that old miser to have more wealth than he, John Ellery? He only accumulated it by stealing from the workingman, from the public, from all those who bought his goods, or dealt with him in any way. He had the best of all of them; he could twist the market around his little finger; he could raise or lower prices, and dictate to his competitors; if they did not obey, he broke them.

Oh, he deserved it, old J. M. It would not be wrong in the least to make a few dollars off him; he would return every penny of it—eh? What was that? The buzzer—one, two, three. That was for him. Drat it! He hated that private office worse than a lion's den! He never went in there but he received a bearding for some imaginary mistake, or a rating for some statement which took all day to make out, and which lacked something which J. M. had forgotten to tell him to put in—oh, the unreasonable old brute! Nothing was ever right; try as hard as one would, the old crab would always find some fault, would manage to gouge out something you had not thought of, and ask you why, what for, when, which—oh shucks!

With unwilling footsteps John walked toward the hated glass partition. How Jane could bear to work within it day in, day out, was more than he could understand. But Jane was so sweet, and obliging and "Johnny-on-the-spot," that even old J. M. could find no fault with her, unreasonable as he was. Jane was not within when he entered; he was glad, for it went

against the grain to have your boss "bawl you out" right before your own sister. She would be sure to bring it up afterwards and give you some unwelcome advice on the subject.

"Say, John—" began the boss ominously, clearing his throat. "What's this discrepancy here; the bank shows a difference from your records—" Wow! Ejaculated John softly to himself; "That's that last \$5000; I forgot to post it in the Day Book. That's what I get for putting it off. I thought it would never be noticed until the end of the month, and I would have had it all O. K. by that time." He turned first red, and then green in the face, while he felt each hair slowly rising in his head. How to get out of this pickle on the spur of the moment? He scratched his head, and then an inspiration struck him. Better to be "bawled" for negligence than be caught.

"Oh yes," he replied reassuringly. "That was that shipment of anhydrous; let me see. Didn't I post that? I must have forgotten."

"When was there a shipment of anhydrous?" asked J. M. curiously.

"Oh, on the 18th of last month," hazarded John.

"Well, I don't know anything about it."

"You don't? Well, Sargent ordered it. Didn't he give you a memo?" Sargent was the factory superintendent. Anything to stave it off for a few days, or a week at most. Then he would be in clover, and would quietly deposit it all again and skip out, leaving them to straighten out their tangled records as best they might.

"No; he did not," replied J. M. sternly. "Call Sargent, will you?" Here was a new pickle. Sargent would deny ordering any anhydrous.

"Oh yes, I remember now. Sargent was sick that day, and he gave the memo to Mr. Hecht. He did the ordering, and I suppose, not being used to the work, forgot to send it to you." J. M. nodded, apparently satisfied.

"Why isn't it posted then?" he continued, returning to the attack.

"Well, I—of course, it was careless of me—I don't see how I overlooked it. The slip must have got mixed up with some of my papers—I'll go right back and look it up; it shall be posted at once, sir." John was very crisp and businesslike.

"Well, see that you do. And don't let such a thing happen again. If you keep on like that, soon you'll

the envelope. One look, and he staggered back against the wall, and fell, rather than sat down, on the hall settee. His face was pale and bloodless, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead, while he crushed the missive in his hand and buried his face in his arms. Mrs. Ellery appeared, and was terrified.

"John! John! What is it?" For her sake he must brace up; she must not know. He must invent some excuse.

"It's nothing, Ma. Just a job I hoped to land in Cincinnati, and failed to get. It would have meant more money and greater ease for you." Instantly she was full of compassion and affection.

"Oh, is that all? Well, there's no harm done, and nothing to cry over, so cheer up. I'm quite satisfied with what you're making, and there are lots more opportunities to be had. No need to take it so hard."

What a net of lies he was weaving! What had he got himself into? He was surprised at himself for getting into such a mess. Why had he not been satisfied with legitimate things? Oh, a thousand times rather be poor and an honest clerk with \$75 per than this horrible tangle.

"I'm going to bed, Ma. I don't feel a bit well."

"See? I thought so; you're working your mind too hard. Don't you think you had better remain away from work a few days and rest up. I'll phone the Boss in the morning."

"I'll see in the morning, Ma." And he went to his room; but in his mind he was planning something very different. To go to the office he no longer dared; J. M. would be at his desk bright and early wanting that hateful slip; he had lost all the money he had "borrowed" from his employer, and the deception he had practiced for months in his books would soon come to light. There was nothing left for him to do but leave the city—or face the dread consequences. Quietly he locked his door, then took a suit case from his closet and packed in as many clothes as he could possibly stuff in. By morning he was many miles away, and his poor mother was reading with consternation the note he left upon his pillow.

"Don't worry about me, Ma," it said. "I am off to another city; you'll know why in a few days."

Jane went down to the office with a scared look in her eyes, and an uneasy feeling in her breast that all was not well. The feeling increased when J. M. asked her why John was not at his desk, and she was obliged to tell him that he was gone, no one knew whither. J. M. had looked at her searchingly, then frowned and nodded to himself with sternly pursed lips. In a few moments more he was calling up a well-known firm of auditors, and asking them to send over two men at once.

Poor Jane's heart beat painfully in her breast, as little by little the awful story was unfolded. At the end of the third day J. M. came over to her desk again.

"You don't know where John is, eh?" He eyed her suspiciously.

"No sir; we haven't a trace of him. I can't see why—"

"You can't eh?" he asked grimly. "Do you know that your fine brother stole \$30,000 of the firm's money, and that's why he skipped?" If he had doubted Jane's honesty before, he knew beyond all doubt that she was innocent now, for no sooner had the words left his lips, than she opened her eyes wide, like one distraught, then fainted dead away.

After she had been brought to, she sat for a long time at her desk, like one more dead than alive. J. M. had told her that she might go home if she liked, but she did not seem to hear; instead she was trying to straighten out things in her mind. After about an hour she went, like a pale lily on a most fragile stem, up to the man she now dreaded most.

"Mr. Moscher, what are you going to do? I suppose you will discharge me too, as belonging to a dishonest family." Again the ominous throat clearing. J. M. turned.

"No; not unless you want to leave. But as for your work, I have no fault to find. It would have been better, had your brother taken you as a pattern. If you don't think you will feel queer to remain, I have no objection."

"Thank you; but what of John? What do you mean to do?" J. M. cocked his head uncompromisingly and sternly pressed his lips together.

"Afraid we'll have to hunt him up." Jane's hands flew to her throat.

"And prosecute?" The boss hesitated; she looked so frail.

"Mmm—well, if you put it that way. We must have justice."

"Oh, Mr. Moscher, you wouldn't do that! It would kill my mother! Her heart is weak, and the doctor says, the least shock would take her off. Rather let me work it off for him. You may take \$100 a month off my salary until it is paid up; Mother and I will take just a room together somewhere and get along on the rest."

"Hm," said J. M. "Do you realize it would take you 25 years to get it paid up at that rate? It would make a slave of you for life. Your brother doesn't deserve to be let off at such a price."

"That makes no difference to me, Mr. Moscher. It is mother I am thinking of. Haven't you ever had a mother, Mr. Moscher? Do you realize how precious mothers are—especially when you think you won't have them long?" J. M. grunted uncomfortably, while he turned over and read some letters.

"I'll think about it; let you know tomorrow."

That day Jane spent every waking moment in prayer that J. M. might relent and accept her alternative; in the evening she stopped off at the parish church, lit some candles, and prayed fervently for an hour. Every time she awoke on that wakeful night she was praying. All the way down to work she prayed—all the way up to ten o'clock, when J. M. first saw fit to ease her aching heart.

"It's all right, Miss Ellery; I accept your plan. But you're very foolish to shield a man with so little sense of responsibility as John has."

That evening she gave Justin back his ring; he went home broken-hearted. To her mother she explained just what was absolutely necessary to make her agree to a removal to one room. Her own heart was appalled at the thought of spending the next 25 years in one room—a slave to her brother's dishonesty. But a good angel whispered that God was merciful; perhaps it would not last that long. Something might come up. Justin—oh God! How hard it was! But she closed her heart and hardened it; she would go through with it. No repining allowed.

A year passed; then they heard from John. He was out West; he had landed a good job with an oil corporation, was getting more money than ever before, had taken a vow of absolute honesty; and more than that, was writing to Mr. Moscher to be allowed to pay off the money he had stolen. When he heard, through his former employer, how his sister Jane had sacrificed herself for his sake, he broke down completely and wrote back, offering to give himself up. But Mr. Moscher, hard as he was, thought too much of Jane to give her another heartache. So he merely sent John a set of notes to be signed, for the money he owed.

One morning J. M. came to Jane's desk and showed her a check for \$1000, signed with her brother's name.

"He's agreed to pay \$1000 every six months, or more, if he has it; so you are free. Here is your full salary for the month, and a bonus, with my compliments for your excellent work." Jane felt she could have hugged the old man. Instead she demurely thanked him, and pressed his hand gratefully. "My son, Glenn, comes from college next week, to take a place in this office. I want you two to meet." And the old fellow's eyes fairly beamed upon her; she had quite won his hard old heart.

But Jane had no thought for the boss's son. Instead, she gathered up her things—it was closing time—and sped out of the office, intending to hasten home to tell her mother the good news. Just outside the office door she bumped into a man—it was growing dusk, but the thrill at her heart told her who it was had grasped both her arms and would not let her go. In another moment she was in his arms, and resting her weary head on a rough coat lapel.

"How did you know so quickly?" she asked in surprise.
"John wrote me."

The next minute he had captured her left hand, and the slender gold band with its shining stone had found its way back to its old resting place.

Don't Teach Fear

The modern name which science gives to those little unexplainable things which bother and frighten some of us, while others may be totally unaffected by those same conditions, is "fear complex." Nearly every one of us has one, if not more, of these "streaks." Is there anyone who is absolutely afraid of nothing? What of the pugilist, who fearlessly meets all comers, whom no kind of rough treatment can terrify, yet, that same fearless man runs and hides down cellar during a thunder

storm? What of the person who shudders at sight of a fat, sleek ground worm, or the one with a morbid fear of fire, or negroes, or gypsies, or who is always hearing "someone walking in the room downstairs"? How many grown people are afraid of the dark? They are legion—though, perhaps they would not admit as much.

Just what is the cause of this fear complex? Doctors tell us that, in most cases, these influences may be traced back to childhood, and have been implanted by the parents themselves, or other elders surrounding the child. The mind of the little child is as sensitive as the wind harp to every passing breeze. Even such apparently small matters as dislike of a certain kind of food, or the chance remark of a parent that milk or fish disagree with him, may make a lasting mark upon the child's mind.

Have you ever noticed a small child, even as young as one year, during a thunder storm, reflect its mother's fear, and begin to cry and whimper, while its eyes are fastened upon its parent's face, and each emotion is seemingly read like an open book? What of the mother who first teaches fear to her child's open, receptive mind, by insisting upon her husband's company on a necessary trip down to the cellar, or up to the attic, or even to a dark, upstairs room? Who taught some women to be afraid of a poor little unoffending mouse, which runs for its life if it sees anyone?

Take a young child walking in a garden, for instance; he has no fear of any living thing about him, until his mother or nurse says: "Ugh, see the horrid worm!" or "Don't get near the nasty bug!" From that time on he has a hatred or fear of that thing. Science teaches that these things may even be hereditary, or imbibed prenatally. For instance: One mother-to-be moved into a house where she encountered nest upon nest of hated pests. In her daily energetic battle to exterminate them, she often shuddered with disgust and dislike. When her baby was old enough to walk about, it almost went into spasms every time it saw a bug.

So by this we see what we ourselves may do to our children; and since whatever we do and say makes an indelible imprint upon these plastic little minds, how guarded must we not be to avoid every harmful suggestion and stupid remark. Nor should a child be too deeply coddled upon every hurt, for this develops softness and instability in him; rather should he be trained to look with indifference and a smile upon little bumps and bruises, for, when he grows up, he will meet many ups and downs, and then he must be strong.

Intolerance

There are many kinds of intolerance in the world today; some of it is laughable, some maddening, some sad and pitiful, inducing to tears. Intolerance in religion, like the poor, "we have always with us." Periodically bigots arise, prompted by the master intolerant—he who was intolerant in Heaven at the very beginning of the rule of Almighty God—and strive by their rebellious conduct and so-called "reform" to "cleanse" the earth, as if they alone knew what was right, and Christ

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was "all wrong." Intolerance was at the root of the Protestant reformation—Intolerance of a king, of one of the laws of Holy Mother Church; intolerance was at the root of the Lutheran reformation, when an apostate religious thought nothing of breaking his vows and used a "reformation" as an excuse for the unleashing of his unholy passions.

In a recent newspaper article a report was made of an Episcopal Convention in which one of the resolutions passed was the suppression of the origin of their church—in other words, they felt that it was no glory to them that Henry VIII. was the intolerant king who defied a law of the Catholic Church, broke with Rome, and established a religion of his own, just to gain his own ends. They wished to deny that story, and substitute another, much nicer one,—a less odious one, of the origin of their denomination.

Then, there is another sort of intolerance rampant in the world today, an intolerance which is undermining the very foundations of society—the family. Couples marry, sometimes on only a short acquaintance, without being at all sure whether they are suited to each other. Their flimsy infatuation lasts a month, six months, perhaps a year or more, and then—they grow tired. They become intolerant of each other's faults—faults that never came to the surface during the glamor of first love. They chafe upon each other, neither wants to forgive or forbear—result: divorce. Love and marriage are in reality a discipline for the soul—a wholesome one, if borne patiently, in that it teaches two souls to fit into each other, as it were. Forbearance is the file that wears off the jagged edges, silence frazzles out many a quarrel into nothingness, and a kind of humorous view of things always finds something happily comical with which to chase away the anger clouds.

Another grave intolerance of the modern world is the present-day intolerance between children and their parents. No longer is the father's word law, or the mother's taken seriously, but the youth of today asks no one's advice. The boys slap "the old man" on the back, laugh at his words, and tell him he is "away behind the times." The girls continue in the "whirl of fashion," madly cater to modern extravagances, throw off all restraint, and bow only to one god—"a good time." To mother's meek little words of old-fashioned decency, they have only one reply: "Oh, Mother! It simply isn't done!" But, thank God, we still have lots of good, sensible Catholic girls. They have a tremendous job on hand: to give an example to the world—to become, in fact, "the salt of the earth," when ideals, morals, faith, purity and all come crashing down about our ears.

There is the intolerance, too, of people and their neighbors, quarreling and dickering about little insignificant trifles that could so easily be passed off unnoticed. There is the tree that innocently overhangs a fence; the hedge that leans over the next door neighbor's path; the chickens and pigeons that settle down for a good meal on our flower and vegetable seeds; the child that runs on the lawn next door and tracks up the clean cement walks, running after a cat or a butter-

fly—all, all may be settled either tolerantly or intolerantly—with kind words or with rough. Which would you choose?

The Sentiment of Thread and Needle

Years ago when women had not the convenience of sewing machines, and every stitch had to be made by hand, what stress was put upon fine stitching, and what pains a mother took to teach her daughter how to make fine, even stitches when hemming sheets, towels, handkerchiefs, etc.! Then, whole dresses had to be made by hand, and any girl who did not know the various stitches, or understand how to put a garment together, was considered very badly educated.

Brides, especially, carried their handicraft as far as human power could carry it, even going so far as to embroider elaborate wedding veils, to say nothing of buttonholing yards upon yards of petticoat ruffles, hem-stitching a dozen fine linen sheets and three or four dozen pillow cases, quilting a half dozen or so of fancy bed-comforts, all in handmade patch design, etc. But now the sewing machine has revolutionized all this, with appliances to manage every part of the making of a garment, shirring, tucking, ruffing, even buttonhole making, so that the art of fine handsewing has almost been lost, and in the rush and hurry of present-day life many a young girl hardly knows the rudiments of the plain stitches.

However, nearly every girl knows something about embroidering, and, in this way, she can put a personal touch to her garments. Present-day styles are so simple that most any girl can run up a dainty dress for herself on the machine, while the beautiful, filmy lingerie which costs so much in the shops, can be made up at almost half price at home, if the girl has imagination, ambition, and an eye to economy. A bit of pink silk crepe, or the less expensive, but equally as dainty material called 'lingette,' a few yards of narrow valenciennes lace, and a simple, pretty design about the neck and sleeves in pastel colors, will make a creation any girl might be proud to possess, and any girl friend of hers would be delighted beyond words to receive.

It is a far cry from the high necked, long-sleeved, stiffly starched dresses of our grandmothers to the sensible, comfortable clothes of the present day, and every girl, just standing on the threshold of young womanhood, ought to make an effort to get acquainted with her needle, while the fascination of sewing a complete dress on the machine has only to be tried once, to draw her on further.

Recipes

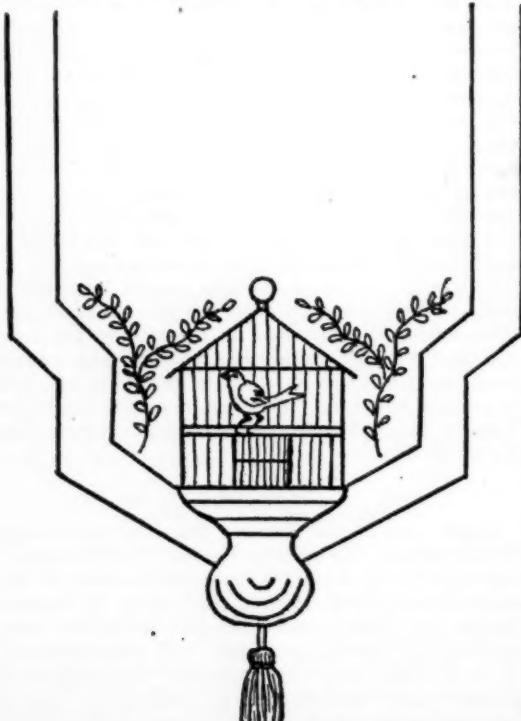
RAISIN AND PECAN BALLS: Take one cup seedless raisins and one cup broken-up pecans; boil together 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ginger. Put sugar, water, spices and raisins into saucepan and boil, stirring constantly until temperature 238 F. is reached. (Use thermometer.) Then boil seven minutes more. Remove from fire and set in a pan of hot water; then add pecans and stir up thoroughly.

Have ready a shallow pan containing powdered sugar. Take out raisin and pecan mixture by teaspoons and drop into the powdered sugar, rolling around until ball-shaped. Set them on waxed paper to cool.

ITALIAN SALAD: Rub a large salad bowl with a clove of garlic, line with lettuce leaves, and fill in with the following: Water cress, shredded radishes, sliced cucumbers, shredded green peppers, shredded young carrots, and shredded sardines. Moisten with oil and vinegar.

Needlework Design

The design given above is for a library table scarf, though, worked in various ways, and with different materials, it may also be adapted to bedroom, breakfast room, or sun room; its cheery motif is suggestive of sunny windows and bird songs and greenery, and is sure to lend a pleasant note to any room in which it is used. Of course, for the living room table, it will receive richer, more elaborate treatment than for the lesser rooms; it will be done in black taffeta silk, with perhaps a border of wine-red brocaded silk appliquéd on, and edged with tiny gold braid. The lower part of the cage will be of gold-colored satin, appliquéd to the black, while the bars of the cage will be outlined in gold thread. The bird is in canary yellow silk, satin stitch, and the sprays in green silk. The tassel at the extreme bottom may be either black or gold. For the other rooms, gray linen is good, and it may even be adapted



to cut work on white linen; the bars of the cage may be webbed and cut out underneath, while the bird is buttonholed around. The sprays may be done in eyelet work. Paper pattern, 20¢. Address CLARE HAMPTON, 3318 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



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No. 2621—Becoming Style. Cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material.

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No. 2632—Two-Piece Frock. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting and 1 yard of 32-inch material for the camisole.

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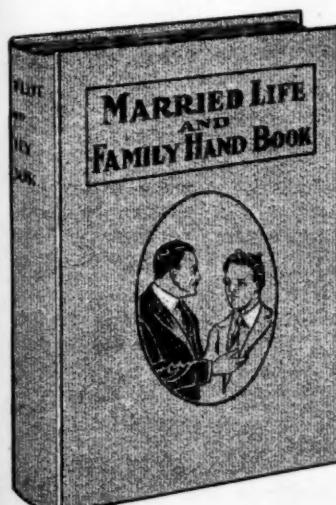
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BROKEN PATHS

By Grace Keon

Cecil's father had money. Her mother was ambitious to climb in society. A young society lion, attracted by Cecil's beauty, and possibly wealth, wanted to marry her. Her mother was overjoyed, it meant so much to her. Wealth and the glitter of society were all she wished for. She had the wealth, and now was an opportunity to enter the select sets. She would have sacrificed anything for this.

Cecil did not love her suitor. But the happiness of several depended upon her marriage to him, and she accepted him. Then something happened! She must make a decision, but she was so perplexed she just didn't know what to do. Would you have done what Cecil did? This is one of the greatest, most interesting novels ever written. You must read it. 228 pages. Cloth bound, eight illustrations. Price \$1.50. Postage 10¢ extra.

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